

From London Society.

DRAWING-ROOM POETRY—FILIGREE  
PHILOSOPHY.\*

So long since as the beginning of the year 1846, Mr. Charles Knight "rejoiced to learn that there was a probability of Mr. Præd's poems being published in a collected shape;" but it was only the other day that this probability made a palpable emergence into certainty. We speak, it should be observed, of home and authorized editions; for America, more on the alert or more impatient than ourselves, had already witnessed the issue of not fewer than three partial and tentative collections, the first of which was put forth twelve or thirteen years ago. It has been feared that the present is not the happiest moment to raise into the glory of a corporate existence the fugitive productions which, to the generation to whom they were more immediately addressed, gave so much delight by their blended sentiment and knowledge of the world, by the geniality of their satire, and the piquancy of their tenderness. At this stage of the century we are accustomed to have the intense in feeling so announce itself; and even to have the shallowest of poetic waters self-soiled and self-troubled, if no better subterfuge than obscurity be available to give them an appearance of profundity. In literature and in art, we are accustomed, to a great extent, to "wear our hearts upon our sleeves." We do not, perhaps, so much as our fathers did, understand how a Psyche can stow away all the sorrows and the cares of the soul as a freight for the wings of a butterfly. Mr. Præd makes his appearance, therefore, to-day, as, in some sort, a *genre* poet. His is the court-language of the heart; and to us, who, imitating an untrusting government, have gone to the country, it sounds considerably like a patois. But the truth of nature, to those who have an eye for its detection, is no more hidden, however it may be dissembled, in Mr. Præd's fountain, than it is at

the bottom of that "well of English undefiled," our glorious evergreen Chaucer. To say nothing of the kindly traditions which every contemporary of Præd's has faithfully transmitted, and by the transmission of which expectancy has been kept alive, it by no means follows that we may not heartily turn aside from our admiration of Tennyson, or stay our efforts after the comprehension of Browning, to watch with a chequered interest an old-new rendering of human joys and sorrows, the very tears of which, falling as drops from an April cloud, glisten in the sunlight and settle on parterres. Far below the sparkling surface of Mr. Præd's effusions we recognize the serious play of feeling, and peer into the chafe and tumult of the heart. And when the heart is concerned, there is humanity interested; a challenge is thrown out to permanence, and a claim established on ever-recurring popularity.

From one point of view, indeed, that kind of poetry is the most valuable which best preserves the accidental along with the essential; which gives the colour along with the fragrance, and both with the changeless beauty of the form. In this kind of poetry, *à la mode* pathos, this decorous, delicate and refined *vers de société*, where the heart, really speaking, spoke in the correct vernacular of the drawing-room—a kind of poetry which the resumption of a war-intermitted intercourse with France helped to bring about, and the personal gaiety, combining with the lugubrious nationality, of a Tom Moore helped to encourage, Præd was confessedly a master. Mr. Coleridge is not carried away by the blind and resistless force of the dear remembrance of a severed friendship when he says of Mr. Præd, "that he has left behind him a permanent expression of wit and grace, of refined and tender feeling, of inventive fancy and acute observation, unique in character, and his own by an undisputed title."

Winthrop Mackworth Præd was the third and youngest son of William Mackworth Præd, Sergeant-at-law, and for many years chairman of the Audit Board. He was born in London, on the 26th of July, 1802. Always delicate as a child, at the

\*"The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Præd, With a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge." In two volumes. London: Edward Moxon and Co., Dover Street. 1864.

age of six years he passed through a critical illness, on his recovery from which, his father wrote in his name a set of thanksgiving verses, into which he was made to incorporate a prayer "that the last of his mother's days might be far distant." It was an ungranted petition, for his mother died a year after; and her place was supplied by an elder sister, to whom he lived long enough to return, at the close of her life in 1830, the watchful and loving care she had bestowed on almost the commencement of his own. Praed would, of course, be too young to understand the full and bitter meaning of his mother's death; but that it was, throughout his after life, present to his filial imagination, the following beautiful song from the first canto of "The Troubadour," written in 1823, may serve to illustrate.

"My mother's grave, my mother's grave!  
Oh! dreamless is her slumber there,  
And drowsily the banners wave  
O'er her that was so chaste and fair:  
Yea! love is dead, and memory faded!  
But when the dew is on the brake,  
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,  
And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,  
Oh! then she cometh back to me,  
In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

"I cannot guess her face or form;  
But what to me is form or face?  
I do not ask the weary worm  
To give me back each buried grace  
Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses!  
I only feel that she is here,  
And that we meet, and that we part;  
And that I drink within mine ear,  
And that I clasp around my heart  
Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses!

"Not in the waking thought by day,  
Nor in the sightless dream by night,  
Do the mild tones and glances play,  
Of her who was my cradle's light!  
But in some twilight of calm weather  
She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,  
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,  
With all the quiet of a thought,  
And all the passion of a dream,  
Linked in a golden spell together."

In 1810, Praed was sent to Langley Broom School, near Colnbrook, where he remained under the care of Mr. Atkins, the gentleman by whom it was then conducted, for four years. Here the boy was seen to be "the father of the man." His delicate constitution precluded now, as ever, any very large or boisterous mingling in athletic sports. Plutarch's "Lives," Shakespeare, and chess, were his most

recreative studies, diversified occasionally by the recreative production of small dramatic pieces.

He was transferred to Eton on the 28th of March, 1814, before he had completed his twelfth year; where he was placed under the charge of the Rev. J. F. Plumtre, then one of the assistant masters, afterwards one of the Fellows of Eton College. His progress was rapid; and in little more than a year he was "sent up for good," as it is termed, for a copy of Latin lyrics, the first of a series of similar distinctions, numerous beyond all previous example. His poetic faculty had from the first been watched and fostered at home; and at Eton it received encouragement from the judicious training of Mr. Plumtre. He and the late Lord Carlisle carried off between them most of the honours awarded by their master for this species of exercise. Praed's verse, almost from the time of his earliest lispings in numbers, was, thanks to the judicious criticisms of his father, as remarkable for its precision as it afterwards was for its classical elegance and its vivacity.

Preceding school periodicals, "The College Magazine," and "Horæ Otiosæ," in which, on account of his juvenility, he had taken no share, fired Praed with emulation; and in 1820 he set on foot the "Apis Matina," a manuscript journal, conducted with much ability, of which only one copy is known to have been preserved entire. This publication, after running through six numbers, was replaced by "The Etonian." "In 1820," Mr. Charles Knight writes that he "was the editor of the Windsor newspaper, and had a general printing establishment at Windsor in connexion with that paper. His father had printed the 'Microcosm,' the work of Etonians, in the school-days of George Canning; and thus there was a sort of natural connexion between the Windsor press and Eton College. Two Etonians, one of whom was Mr. Praed, the other a King's scholar, proposed to him to undertake the printing and publishing of a magazine to be wholly written by members of the school, with the assistance of a few friends who had recently left Eton for Oxford and Cambridge. It was a bold undertaking, for it was not to be a weekly essay, but a magazine of considerable size, and of course wholly original. When the first number was produced, its success could not be doubted. The papers which Mr. Praed contributed to the work occupied a very large portion of the book; and they

exhibited, not only an extent of acquirement far above the average of even Eton learning, but a power of writing, and a knowledge of society which were little less than extraordinary." Were it not that we are bound jealously to preserve our space for specimens of his verse, we should be tempted to trespass with an example or two of the youthful wit and manly wisdom, the easy grace and the facile insight into character which distinguished such papers as his "Yes and No," "Reminiscences of my Youth," and others.

Records remain of his skill at whist, at chess, and in dramatic impersonation; and, in spite of his bodily fragility, of his dexterity at fives and at tennis; and he is remembered as one of the main founders of the "Boys' Library."

"The summer of 1821," says Mr. Coleridge, "terminated Præd's brilliant career at Eton, and in October of the same year he commenced his residence as an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge." His proceeding to the University had been heralded by greater anticipations than had attended the migration of any Etonian since the days of Canning. The following critical remarks, for which the compiler of the "Memoir of Præd"—the Rev. Derwent Coleridge—professes himself indebted to a friend, are so much to the point as to the question of Præd's scholarship, that they are given in his own words:—

"The character of Præd's Latin and Greek verse is peculiar. It is the exact translation for the most part of the same style and diction which he wielded with hardly greater ease in his native language. The same sparkling antithesis, the same minute elaboration of fancy, whether employed in depicting natural or mental objects, and the same ever-present undercurrent of melancholy are found in both. Of a certain kind of Greek, adapted to the curious production called at Cambridge a Sapphic Ode, and of a certain degree of Latin scholarship, competent to express all the ideas necessary to his verse, but not to sound the depths or exhaust the capacities of the language, he was master. His epigrams are perhaps the most scholarlike of his productions in classic verse; but it may be said of them all, what cannot be said of many such exercises, that they were Greek and Latin poetry."

But Præd was not a severe student, neither did he take kindly to the specialty of his Alma Mater. "For scientific pursuits he had no peculiar liking or aptitude, though he acquired without difficulty the

modicum of mathematical knowledge which was required from a candidate for classical honours." It is easy to see, from this rather euphuistic passage from Coleridge, that it was likely that Præd would fall short, however striking his extra academical distinctions, of the most exalted position which his friends, who had settled the route along which his Pegasus should travel, had mentally bespoken for him. Yet his honours were many. Twice he carried off Sir William Browne's medal for the Greek ode and twice for the epigrams. In 1823 and in 1824 he gained the Chancellor's medal for English verse, "Australasia" being the subject in the former year, and "Athens" in the latter. In the classical tripos his name appeared third on the list; in 1827 he was successful in the examination for a Trinity Fellowship; and in 1830 he completed his University successes by gaining the Seatonian prizes. But by far the larger portion of his time was devoted to the exercise and improvement of his oratorical powers, to the cultivation of his literary talents, and to the enjoyment of social intercourse, in all of which he recognized the true instruments of his training for public life. He was, at this stage of his career, feeling after opinion in matters social and political. Until he arrived at fixity, he did not encourage the probes of friends, or lay himself open to universal dissection. He arrayed himself against evils of uncertainty in a panoply of banter; and his oratory was thus being formed at the Union, not on the models of perfervid eloquence, so much as on those of incisive and trenchant debate. This faculty of sifting correctness clung to him afterwards at the bar and in Parliament. On the hustings, where the right to the indulgence of passion seemed clearer, he could distinguish himself by the fuller sweep of a more Demosthenic eloquence.

During Præd's stay at Cambridge, "Knight's Quarterly Magazine" was projected, and the first number published in June, 1823. The publisher was the responsible editor; Præd, as in the case of the "Etonian," and scarcely in an inferior degree, the animating and directing spirit. "Mr. Præd," says Charles Knight, writing in 1846, "contributed much prose and more verse to the 'Quarterly Magazine.' A very brilliant, and, in many respects, truly beautiful poem, 'The Troubadour,' there appears. Although unfinished—owing to a temporary misunderstanding of author and publisher, under the circumstances not blameable on either side, and very soon handsomely condoned—we trust it will be reprinted with his collect-

ed poems. It is marked by his well-known characteristics of blended wit and pathos. No one could judge of its merits by any extract." In spite of which dictum, we have already quoted from it a song of almost certainly autobiographic piety, and we shall complete our offence by asking the reader to compare the following broadly powerful portrait of Richard Cœur de Lion with the description of that monarch left us by Master Geoffrey de Vinsauf and Richard of Devizes. Thus opens the "Troubadour:"—

"In sooth it was a glorious day  
For vassal and for lord,  
When Cœur de Lion had the sway  
In battle and at board.  
He was indeed a royal one,  
A Prince of Paladins;  
Hero of triumph and of tun,  
Of noisy fray and noisy fun,  
Broad shoulders and broad grins.  
You might have looked from east to west  
And then from north to south,  
And never found an ampler breast,  
Never an ampler mouth,  
A softer tone for lady's ear,  
A daintier lip for syrup,  
Or a ruder grasp for axe and spear,  
Or a firmer foot in stirrup.  
A ponderous thing was Richard's can,  
And so was Richard's boot;  
And Saracens and liquor ran  
Where'er he set his foot.  
So fiddling here, and fighting there,  
And murdering time and tane,  
With sturdy limb, and listless air,  
And gauntleted hand, and jewelled hair,  
Half monarch, half buffoon,  
He turned away from feast to fray,  
From quarrelling to quaffing,  
So great in prowess and in pranks,  
So fierce and funny in the ranks,  
That Saladin the Soldan said,  
Whene'er that mad-cap Richard led,  
Alla! he held his breath for dread,  
And burst his sides for laughing!"

"My First Folly," and "Points," were two of the lively, antithetical, and slightly extravagant prose papers which Praed contributed to the "Quarterly." But our author is not the only one of its writers who have obtained an abiding distinction. Of their names, some belong to the political and literary history of their country; whilst others, alas! have perished in the promise of their prime. Among other contributors we hear of the Rev. John Moultrie, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, Lord Macaulay, William Sidney Walker, Henry Malden, and Henry Nelson Coleridge; to which list, as furnished by Mr. Knight, Mr. Coleridge adds the name of Mr. Knight himself. The "Quarter-

ly" had a short existence of, in all, six numbers, and was subsequently brought out as a work in three octavo volumes.

A few of the celebrated enigmas and charades, for which Praed had a unique faculty, appeared in the "Quarterly Magazine." We find room for two or three of these most characteristic and elegant productions. The charge to which they are most obnoxious as puzzles is that they reveal too much—that they are too easy of solution. But any one who has learned to value the æsthetic compromise which the opera exhibits will be tolerant of a loss which is, perhaps, the necessary consequent of their "high poetical spirit." They are not riddles of the Sphinx, and it would be a sort of affectation to withhold their solutions. They are to be found at the end of this article.

## ENIGMA.

"A Templar kneeled at a Friar's knee;  
He was a comely youth to see,  
With curling locks, and forehead high,  
And flushing cheeks, and flashing eye:  
And the Monk was as jolly and large a man  
As ever laid lip to a convent can  
Or called for a contribution,  
As ever read at midnight hour  
Confessional in lady's bower,  
Ordnained for a peasant the penance whip,  
Or spoke for a noble's venial slip  
A venal absolution.

"O Father! in the dim twilight  
I have sinned a grievous sin to-night;  
And I feel hot pain e'en now begun  
For the fearful murder I have done.

"I rent my victim's coat of green,  
I pierced his neck with my dagger keen;  
The red stream mantled high:  
I grasped him, Father, all the while,  
With shaking hand, and feverish smile,  
And said my jest, and sang my song,  
And laughed my laughter, loud and long,  
Until his glass was dry!

"Though he was rich, and very old,  
I did not touch a grain of gold,  
But the blood I drank from the bubbling vein  
Hath left on my lip a purple stain!"

"My son, my son! for this thou hast done,  
Though the sands of thy life for aye should  
run,  
The merry Monk did say,  
'Though thine eye be bright, and thine heart  
be light,  
Hot spirits shall haunt thee all the night,  
Blue devils all the day!'  
The thunders of the Church were ended;  
Back on his way the Templar wended;  
But the name of him the Templar slew  
Was more than the Inquisition knew."



## CHARADES.

## VIII.

"Alas for that forgotten day  
When Chivalry was nourished,  
When none but friars learned to pray,  
And beef and beauty flourished,  
And fraud in kings was held accurst,  
And falsehood sin was reckoned,  
And mighty chargers bore my First,  
And fat monks wore my Second !

"Oh then I carried sword and shield,  
And casque with flaunting feather,  
And earned my spurs in battle-field,  
In winter and rough weather ;  
And polished many a sonnet up  
To ladies' eyes and tresses,  
And learned to drain my father's cup,  
And loose my falcon's jesses.

"How grand was I in olden days !  
How gilded o'er with glory !  
The happy mark of ladies' praise,  
The theme of minstrels' story ;  
Unmoved by fearful accidents,  
All hardships stoutly spurning,  
I laughed to scorn the elements —  
And chiefly those of Learning.

"Such things have vanished like a dream ;  
The mongrel mob grows prouder ;  
And everything is done by steam,  
And men are killed by powder :  
I feel, alas ! my fame decay ;  
I give unheeded orders,  
And rot in paltry state away,  
With Sheriffs and Records."

## XI.

"The canvas rattled on the mast  
As rose the swelling sail,  
And gallantly the vessel past  
Before the cheering gale ;  
And on my First Sir Florice stood,  
As the far shore faded now,  
And looked upon the lengthening flood  
With a pale and pensive brow : —  
'When shall I bear thy silken glove  
Where the proudest Moslem flee,  
My lady love, my 'lady love, —  
O waste one thought on me !'

"Sir Florice lay in a dungeon cell  
With none to sooth or save,  
And high above his chamber fell  
The echo of the wave ;  
But still he struck my Second there,  
And bade its tones renew  
Those hours when every hue was fair,  
And every hope was true : —  
'If still your angel footsteps move  
Where mine may never be,  
My lady love, my lady love,  
O dream one dream of me !'

"Not long the Christian captive pined ! —  
My Whole was round his neck ;  
A sadder necklace ne'er was twined  
So white a skin to deck :  
Queen Folly ne'er was yet content  
With gems or golden store,  
But he who wears this ornament  
Will rarely sigh for more : —  
'My spirit to the heaven above,  
My body to the sea ;  
My heart to thee, my lady love, —  
O weep one tear for me."

## XIV.

"When Ralph by holy hands was tied  
For life to blooming Cis,  
Sir Thrifty too drove home his bride,  
A fashionable Miss.  
That day my First with jovial sound  
Proclaimed the happy tale,  
And drunk was all the country round  
With pleasure or with ale.

"Oh ! why should Hymen ever blight  
The roses Cupid wore ?  
Or why should it be ever night  
Where it was day before ? —  
Or why should women have a tongue ?  
Or why should it be curst  
In being, like my Second, long,  
And louder than my First ?

"'You blackguard !' cries the rural wench,  
My Lady screams, — '*Ah bete !*'  
And Lady Thrifty scolds in French,  
And Cis in Billingsgate ;  
Till both their Lords my Second try  
To end connubial strife,  
Sir Thrifty has the means to die,  
And Ralph to beat his wife !"

## XXIX.

"My First was dark o'er earth and air,  
As dark as she could be ;  
The stars that gemmed her ebony hair  
Were only two or three ;  
King Cole saw twice as many there  
As you or I could see.

"'Away, King Cole !' mine hostess said ;  
'Flagon and flask are dry ;  
Your nag is neighing in the shed,  
For he knows a storm is nigh :'  
She set my Second on his head,  
And she set it all awry.

"He stood upright upon his legs ;  
Long life to good King Cole !  
With wine and cinnamon, ale and eggs,  
He filled a silver bowl ;  
He drained the draught to the very dregs,  
And he called that draught — my Whole."

## XXX.

"Come from my First, ay, come ;  
The battle dawn is nigh ;

And the screaming trump and the thundering drum

Are calling thee to die;  
Fight, as thy father fought;  
Fall, as thy father fell:

Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;  
So, forward! and farewell!

"Toll ye my Second, toll;  
Fling high the flambeau's light;  
And sing the hymn for a parted soul  
Beneath the silent night;  
The helm upon his head,  
The cross upon his breast,  
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed;  
Now take him to his rest!

"Call ye my Whole, go, call;  
The Lord of lute and lay;  
And let him greet the sable pall  
With a noble song to-day:  
Ay, call him by his name;  
No fitter hand may crave  
To light the flame of a soldier's fame  
On the turf of a soldier's grave!"

The last, however, belongs to a later date (1829). It is a most graceful tribute to a departed bard whose numbers sometimes leaped forth rattling in armour from his labouring brow.

Early in 1826 Charles Knight and his friend, Barry St. Leger, projected a weekly sheet for the relief of the town from the dulness and depression caused by the recent commercial panic. Mr. Praed, who at that time resided at Eton, in fulfilment of a two year's engagement as private tutor to Lord Ernest Bruce, was appealed to for his co-operation. The name of this venture, "The Brazen Head," was unfortunate, because it was "caviare to the general;" and the whole thing, in spite of the brilliancy of Praed's contributions, "had no success whatever." Praed took the management of the oracular decrees of "The Brazen Head;" "and fun and wisdom were mingled in the sententious voice of the imaginary creation of Friar Bacon, in a sort of philosophy of which the inventor of gunpowder and spectacles could have no conception." The following is one of the "Chaunts of the Brazen Head." It looks like an adapted secular version of "The Lie," or "The Soul's Errand" of the more earnest age of Elizabeth to the slightly-winged conscience of the first quarter of the present century.

"I think, whatever mortals crave,  
With impotent endeavour, —  
A wreath, a rank, a throne, a grave, —  
The world goes round forever:

I think that life is not too long,  
And therefore I determine,  
That many people read a song  
Who will not read a sermon.

"I think you've looked through many hearts,  
And mused on many actions,  
And studied man's component parts,  
And Nature's compound fractions:  
I think you've picked up truth by bits  
From foreigner and neighbour;  
I think the world has lost its wits,  
And you have lost your labour.

"I think the studies of the wise,  
The hero's noisy quarrel,  
The majesty of Woman's eyes,  
The poet's cherished laurel,  
And all that makes us lean or fat,  
And all that charms or troubles, —  
This bubble is more bright than that,  
But still they all are bubbles.

"I think the thing you call Renown,  
The unsubstantial vapour  
For which the soldier burns a town,  
The sonneteer a taper,  
Is like the mist which, as he flies,  
The horseman leaves behind him;  
He cannot mark its wreaths arise,  
Or if he does they blind him.

"I think one nod of Mistress Chance  
Makes creditors of debtors,  
And shifts the funeral for the dance,  
The sceptre for the fetters:  
I think that Fortune's favored guest  
May live to gnaw the platters,  
And he that wears the purple vest  
May wear the rags and tatters.

"I think the Tories love to buy  
'Your Lordship's' and 'your Grace's'  
By loathing common honesty,  
And lauding commonplaces:  
I think that some are very wise,  
And some are very funny,  
And some grow rich by telling lies,  
And some by telling money.

"I think the Whigs are wicked knaves —  
(And very like the Tories) —  
Who doubt that Britain rules the waves  
And ask the price of glories:  
I think that many fret and fume  
At what their friends are planning,  
And Mr. Hume hates Mr. Brougham  
As much as Mr. Canning.

"I think that Friars and their hoods,  
Their doctrines and their maggots,  
Have lighted up too many feuds,  
And far too many faggots:  
I think, while zealots fast and frown,  
And fight for two and seven,  
That there are fifty roads to Town,  
And rather more to Heaven.

"I think that, thanks to Paget's lance,  
And thanks to Chester's learning,  
The hearts that burned for fame in France  
At home are safe from burning:  
I think the Pope is on his back;  
And, though 'tis fun to shake him,  
I think the Devil not so black  
As many people make him.

"I think that love is like a play,  
Where tears and smiles are blended,  
Or like a faithless April day,  
Whose shine with shower is ended:  
Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough,  
Like trade, exposed to losses,  
And like a Highland plaid,—all stuff,  
And very full of crosses.

"I think the world, though dark it be,  
Has aye one rapturous pleasure  
Concealed in life's monotony,  
For those who seek the treasure;  
One planet in a starless night,  
One blossom on a briar,  
One friend not quite a hypocrite,  
One woman not a liar!

"I think poor beggars court St. Giles,  
Rich beggars court St. Stephén;  
And Death looks down with nods and smiles,  
And makes the odds all even:  
I think some die upon the field,  
And some upon the billow,  
And some are laid beneath a shield,  
And some beneath a willow.

"I think that very few have sighed  
When Fate at last has found them,  
Though bitter foes were by their side,  
And barren moss around them:  
I think that some have died of drought,  
And some have died of drinking;  
I think that nought is worth a thought,—  
And I'm a fool for thinking!"

We cannot follow Praed into his professional or parliamentary life. The landmarks only may be indicated. At some future time, if the probable publication of his political squibs and other writings should take place, it will be necessary to take the cue from them. But at present we are scarcely anything but literary. "Praed" Mr. Coleridge tells us, "was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, May 29, 1829. He went the Norfolk Circuit, and was rapidly rising in reputation and practice. But the main current of his mind had run from the first in another direction."

In his earlier days of debating, Praed had taken part with the Whigs, as Macaulay with the Tories. To keep up the opposition, things were exactly reversed when they met in the House of Commons. This change, difficult and disagreeable, was one rather of

appearance than of fact. The truth is that the Liberal torrent had gathered such fury, that Praed found himself stranded amongst the Conservatives. The state coach was going too fast down hill, and he felt it his duty to put on the drag. In 1830, and again in 1831, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of St. Germans; and in 1832, after the passing of the Reform Bill, by which St. Germans had lost its franchise, he contested, unsuccessfully, the borough of St. Ives in Cornwall. He was, however, returned in 1834, with Mr. T. Baring, for Yarmouth. This, under the circumstances, was a signal triumph; but he paid for it the price of first sowing the seeds of the disease which was fatal to him five years after. In 1837, he migrated, politically, to Aylesbury, where he successfully contested an election. He represented the constituency of that place till the time of his death. Meanwhile everything was bright. A confidential acquaintance which he had formed with the Duke of Wellington promised much for the future; and under the ministry of Sir R. Peel, 1834-5, Praed was Secretary of the Board of Control. During the latter years of his life, also, he held the office of Deputy High Steward of the University of Cambridge.

"In 1827," Mr. Charles Knight tells us, "he edited a volume of the 'Friendship's Offering,' one of those perishing flowers with which the world soon grew satiated. The best poem that Praed ever wrote, in many respects a poem unequalled in the language, was volunteered by him with his accustomed kindly aid:—"

#### "THE RED FISHERMAN."

"The Abbot arose, and closed his book,  
And donned his sandal shoon,  
And wandered forth alone, to look  
Upon the summer moon:  
A starlight sky was o'er his head,  
A quiet breeze around;  
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,  
And the waves a soothing sound:  
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught  
But love and calm delight;  
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought  
On his wrinkled brow that night.  
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,  
But he thought not of the reeds;  
He clasped his gilded rosary,  
But he did not tell the beads;  
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke  
The Spirit that dwelleth there;  
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke  
Had never the tone of prayer.  
A pious priest might the Abbot seem,  
He had swayed the crozier well;

But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,  
The Abbot were loth to tell.

"Companionless for a mile or more,  
He traced the windings of the shore.  
Oh, beauteous is that river still,  
As it winds by many a sloping hill,  
And many a dim o'er-arching grove,  
And many a flat and sunny cove,  
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades  
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,  
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,  
So gay they are with grass and flowers !  
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery

About as much, in sooth,  
As a lover thinks of constancy,  
Or an advocate of truth.  
He did not mark how the skies in wrath  
Grew dark above his head ;  
He did not mark how the mossy path  
Grew damp beneath his tread ;  
And nearer he came, and still more near,  
To a pool, in whose recess  
The water had slept for many a year,  
Unchanged and motionless ;  
From the river stream it spread away  
The space of half a rood ;  
The surface had the hue of clay  
And the scent of human blood ;  
The trees and the herbs that round it grew  
Were venomous and foul,  
And the birds that through the bushes flew  
Were the vulture and the owl ;

"The water was as dark and rank  
As ever a company pumped,  
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the  
bank,  
Grew rotten while it jumped :  
And bold was he who thither came  
At midnight, man or boy,  
For the place was cursed with an evil name,  
And that name was 'The Devil's Decoy !'

"The Abbot was weary as abbot could be,  
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree ;  
When suddenly rose a dismal tone, —  
Was it a song, or was it a moan ? —

'O ho ! O ho !  
Above, — below, —  
Lightly and brightly they glide and go !  
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,  
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping ;  
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,  
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy !' —  
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,  
He looked to the left and he looked to the right,  
And what was the vision close before him,  
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him ?  
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,  
And the life-blood colder run :  
The startled Priest struck both his thighs,  
And the abbey clock struck one !

"All alone, by the side of the pool,  
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,  
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,

And putting in order his reel and rod ;  
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,  
And a high red cap on his head he bore ;  
His arms and his legs were long and bare ;  
And two or three locks of long red hair  
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,  
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.  
It might be time, it might be trouble,  
Had bent that stout back nearly double,  
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets  
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,  
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,  
Till it hardly covered the bones within.  
The line the Abbot saw him throw  
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,  
And the hands that worked his foreign vest  
Long ages ago had gone to their rest :  
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,  
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem !

"There was turning of keys, and creaking of  
locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly, —  
It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye ;  
Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,  
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.  
It was fastened a gleaming hook about  
By a chain within and a chain without ;  
The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,  
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in !

"From the bowels of the earth,  
Strange and varied sounds had birth ;  
Now the battle's bursting peal,  
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel ;  
Now an old man's hollow groan  
Echoed from the dungeon stone ;  
Now the weak and wailing cry  
Of a stripling's agony ! —  
Cold by this was the midnight air ;  
But the Abbot's blood ran colder,  
When he saw a gasping Knight lie there,  
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,  
And a hump upon his shoulder.  
And the loyal churchman strove in vain  
To mutter a Pater Noster ;  
For he who writhed in mortal pain  
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain —  
The cruel Duke of Gloster !

"There was turning of keys, and creaking of  
locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
It was a haunch of princely size,  
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.  
The corpulent Abbot knew full well  
The swelling form, and the steaming smell ;  
Never a monk that wore a hood  
Could better have guessed the very wood  
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,  
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

"Sounded then the noisy glee  
Of a revelling company, —  
Sprightly story, wicked jest,  
Rated servant, greeted guest,

Flow of wine, and flight of cork,  
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork :  
But, where'er the board was spread,  
Grace, I ween, was never said ! —  
Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sat ;  
And the Priest was ready to vomit,  
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,  
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,  
And a nose as red as a comet.  
' A capital stew,' the Fisherman said,  
' With cinnamon and sherry !'  
And the Abbot turned away his head,  
For his brother was lying before him dead,  
The Mayor of St. Edmund's Bury !

" There was turning of keys, and creaking of  
locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
It was a bundle of beautiful things, —  
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,  
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,  
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,  
And a packet of letters from whose sweet fold  
Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,  
That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,  
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

" Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,  
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,  
And the breath of vernal gales,  
And the voice of nightingales :  
But the nightingales were mute,  
Envious, when an unseen lute  
Shaped the music of its chords  
Into passion's thrilling words :  
' Smile, Lady, smile ! — I will not set  
Upon my brow the coronet,  
Till thou wilt gather roses white  
To wear around its gems of light.  
Smile, Lady, smile ! — I will not see  
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,  
Till those bewitching lips of thine  
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.  
Smile, Lady, smile ! — for who would win  
A loveless throne through guilt and sin ?  
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,  
If woman's heart were rebel still ?'  
One jerk, and there a lady lay,  
A lady wondrous fair ;  
But the rose of her lip had faded away,  
And her cheek was a swithe and as cold as clay,  
And torn was her raven hair.  
' Ah ha !' said the Fisher, in merry guise,  
' Her gallant was hooked before ;'  
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,  
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,  
The eyes of Mistress Shore !

" There was turning of keys, and creaking of  
locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
Many the cunning sportsman tried,  
Many he flung with a frown aside ;  
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,  
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,  
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,

Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,  
And golden cups of the brightest wine  
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy  
vine.

There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,  
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre !

" From top to toe the Abbot shook,  
As the fisherman armed his golden hook,  
And awfully were his features wrought  
By some dark dream or awakened thought.  
Look how the fearful felon gazes  
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,  
When the lips are cracked and the jaws are  
dry  
With the thirst which only in death shall die :  
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown  
As the swaling wherry settles down,  
When peril has numbed the sense and will,  
Though the hand and foot may struggle still :  
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,  
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance :  
Fixed as a monument, still as air.  
He bent no knee and he breathed no prayer ;  
But he signed — he knew not why or how, —  
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of  
locks,

As he stalked away with his iron box.

O ho ! O ho !

The cock doth crow ;

It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.  
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine,  
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line ;  
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to  
the south,  
The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth !

" The Abbot had preached for many years  
With as clear articulation  
As ever was heard in the house of Peers  
Against Emancipation ;  
His words had made battalions quake,  
Had roused the zeal of martyrs,  
Had kept the Court an hour awake,  
And the King himself three-quarters :  
But ever from that hour, 'tis said,  
He stammered and he stuttered,  
As if an axe went through his head  
With every word he uttered.  
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er  
ban,  
He stuttered, drunk or dry ;  
And none but he and the Fisherman  
Could tell the reason why !"

As a relief to the deeper colours of " The  
Red Fisherman " let the reader look at the  
following bit of well-nigh the wisest flimsy,  
the most gossamer satire extant.

#### " A LETTER OF ADVICE.

" You tell me you're promised a lover,  
My own Araminta, next week ;  
Why cannot my fancy discover  
The hue of his coat and his cheek ?



Alas ! if he look like another,  
A vicar, a banker, a bean,  
Be deaf to your father and mother,  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"Miss Lane, at her temple of Fashion,  
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,  
And we loved one another with passion  
Before we had been there a week :  
You gave me a ring for a token ;  
I wear it wherever I go ;  
I gave you a chain, — is it broken ?  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"O think of our favourite cottage,  
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh !  
How we shared with the milkmaids their  
pottage,  
And drank of the stream from the brook ;  
How fondly our loving lips faltered  
'What further can grandeur bestow ?'  
My heart is the same ; — is yours altered ?  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"Remember the thrilling romances  
We read on the bank in the glen ;  
Remember the suitors our fancies  
Would picture for both of us then.  
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,  
They had vanquished and pardoned their  
foe —  
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder ?  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage  
Drove off with your cousin Justine,  
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,  
And whispered 'How base she has been !'  
You said you were sure it would kill you  
If ever your husband looked so ;  
And you will not apostatize, — will you ?  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"When I heard I was going abroad, love,  
I thought I was going to die ;  
We walked arm in arm to the road, love,  
We looked arm in arm to the sky ;  
And I said, 'When a foreign postillion  
Has hurried me off to the Po,  
Forget not Medora Trevilian :  
My own Araminta, say "No !"'

"We parted ! but sympathy's fetters  
Reach far over valley and hill ;  
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,  
And feel that your heart is mine still ;  
And he who would share it with me, love, —  
The richest of treasures below, —  
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,  
If he comes to you riding a cob,  
If he talks of his baking or brewing,  
If he puts up his feet on the hob,  
If he ever drinks port after dinner,  
If his brow or his breeding is low,

If he calls himself 'Thompson' or 'Skin-  
ner,'  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"If he studies the news in the papers  
While you are preparing the tea,  
If he talks of the damps or the vapours  
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,  
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,  
If he has not a musical 'Oh !'  
If he does not call Werther delicious, —  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"If he ever sets foot in the city  
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,  
If he has not a heart full of pity,  
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,  
If his lips are not redder than roses,  
If his hands are not whiter than snow,  
If he has not the model of noses, —  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"If he speaks of a tax or a duty,  
If he does not look grand on his knees,  
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,  
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,  
If he dotes not on desolate towers,  
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,  
If he knows not the language of flowers, —  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"He must walk — like a god of old story  
Come down from the home of his rest ;  
He must smile — like the sun in his glory  
On the buds he loves ever the best ;  
And, oh ! from its ivory portal  
Like music his soft speech must flow ! —  
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'

"Don't listen to tales of his bounty,  
Don't hear what they say of his birth,  
Don't look at his seat in the county,  
Don't calculate what he is worth ;  
But give him a theme to write verse on,  
And see if he turns out his toe ;  
If he's only an excellent person, —  
My own Araminta, say 'No !'"

It is the gayety with the undertone of sadness, the quiet humour and the moving tenderness — it is the sparkling melancholy that is the distinguishing mark of *Praed*. The same words might possibly be written of Hood with equal truth ; and yet without praising or blaming either at the expense of the other, how mistaken a notion would any person have who made the acquaintance of these two through mere verbal description ! For subtle terms of difference, however, our time and space are becoming too precious for us to set about a search. How soon the keenest human joy becomes retrospective ! We know that *Praed* was wonderfully precocious in insight into charac-

ter; his was therefore just the nature to be expected to exhaust very soon the *romance* of humanity. All honor to him that we have no bluntness of feeling generated by his crowded experience!

A whole group of poems of a mournful retrospection, of gaily sad memories, might be adduced in this connection. He has learned to tremble amidst the dawn and the bloom; for from afar he discerns the advance of the destroyer, where others would first, if not exclusively, anticipate maturity. He has a mournfulness which detects the withered *eikon* in the blooming flower, and in all beauty, incipient decay. But tenderness beautifully mingles with the fountain of his grief, as witness the fun and pathos of "My little Cousins." We have here the Psalm-tune played quick of Punch's "Serious Organ-Grinder."

"Laugh on, fair Consins, for to you  
All life is joyous yet;  
Your hearts have all things to pursue,  
And nothing to regret;  
And every flower to you is fair,  
And every month is May:  
You've not been introduced to Care, —  
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

"Old Time will fling his clouds ere long  
Upon those sunny eyes;  
The voice whose every word is song  
Will set itself to sighs;  
Your quiet slumbers, hopes and fears  
Will chase their rest away:  
To-morrow you'll be shedding tears  
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

"Oh yes, if any truth is found  
In the dull schoolman's theme,  
If friendship is an empty sound,  
And love an idle dream,  
If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue,  
Too soon on life's long way,  
At least he'll run with you a league; —  
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

"Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright  
As childhood's hues depart;  
You may be lovelier to the sight  
And dearer to the heart;  
You may be sinless still, and see  
This earth still green and gay;  
But what you are you will not be:  
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

"O'er me have many winters crept  
With less of grief than joy;  
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept;  
I am no more a boy!  
I've never had the gout, 'tis true;  
My hair is hardly gray;  
But now I cannot laugh like you:  
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

"I used to have as glad a face,  
As shadowless a brow;  
I once could run as blithe a race  
As you are running now;  
But never mind how I behave!  
Don't interrupt your play;  
And though I look so very grave,  
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!"

But dearer family ties were awaiting him than those of mere cousinhood, and more intimate and serious anxieties and responsibilities. In 1835, while yet high in hope of advancement and health, "he was happily united to Helen, daughter of George Bogle, Esq., a lady to whose virtues and accomplishment" we follow the suit of Coleridge in making only "a respectful allusion. Suffice it to say, that during the four years of companionship, she devoted to her husband, whose high qualities, intellectual and moral, she was every way qualified to appreciate, all the resources of the most assiduous affection; and that during the four-and-twenty years of her widowhood, she never ceased to mourn his loss. Her own decease occurred early in the autumn of the past year" (1863.)

Marriage, as frequently happens, brought other responsibilities. Hear how the paternal tenderness wells out, and this time without qualification, as he is supposed to be pressing his child to his bosom: —

#### LATIN HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"Virgin Mother, thou hast known  
Joy and sorrow like my own;  
In thy arms the bright Babe lay,  
As my own in mine to-day;  
So he wept and so he smiled;  
Ave Mary! guard my child!

"From the pains and perils spread  
Round about our path and bed,  
Fierce desires, ambitious schemes,  
Moody doubts, fantastic dreams,  
Pleasures idle, passions wild,  
Ave Mary! guard my child!

"Make him whatso'er may be  
Dearest to the saints and thee;  
Tell him, from the throne above,  
What to loathe and what to love;  
To be true and just and mild,  
Ave Mary! teach my child!

"By the wondrous mercy won  
For the world by thy blest Son,  
By the rest his labours wrought,  
By the bliss his tortures bought,  
By the heaven he reconciled,  
Ave Mary! bless my child!

"If about his after fate  
Sín and sorrow darkly wait,

Take him rather to thine arms  
From the world and the world's harms :  
Thus unscathed, thus undefiled,  
Ave Mary ! take my child !"

A fatal disease, at first unsuspected, had been advancing upon Praed since the exciting election of Yarmouth in 1834. But he fought on against it even after the existence of it could no longer be blinked or denied.

In the middle of June, acting under medical command, he paired off with Lord Arundel for the remainder of the session; and on the 17th he was removed to Sudbury Grove, a villa in the neighborhood of Harrow. "But it was too late to hope even for a partial restoration. He grew rapidly worse, and his return to London was not accomplished without difficulty. He entered into his rest," continues Mr. Coleridge, who ministered to him in his last moments, "on the 15th of July, 1839, at his own house in Chester Square, and was interred on the 23rd of the same month, in the cemetery at Kensal Green. He left two daughters, under whose authority the present collection of their father's poems is given to the public."

If Mr. Coleridge thought it graceful to say as little as possible of the late Mrs. Praed, he cannot help it, and he cannot complain, if our readers draw their own complimentary and admiring inferences from the lovely little poem, all heart and unselfishness, written at Sudbury, July 7th, 1839, only a week before her husband's death, and addressed by him

#### "TO HELEN.

"Dearest, I did not dream, four years ago,  
When through your veil I saw your bright  
tear shine,  
Caught your clear whisper, exquisitely low,  
And felt your soft hand tremble into mine,  
That in so brief—so very brief a space,  
He, who in love both clouds and cheers our  
life,  
Would lay on you, so full of light, joy, grace,  
The darker, sadder duties of the wife,—  
Doubts, fears, and frequent toil, and constant  
care  
For this poor frame, by sickness sore bested ;  
The daily tendance on the fractious chair,  
The nightly vigil by the feverish bed.  
Yet not unwelcome doth this morn arise,  
Though with more glad some beams it might  
have shone :  
Strength of these weak hands, light of these  
dim eyes,  
In sickness, as in health,—bless you, My  
Own !"

We have paid our tribute of tears ; but

the commonplace occupations of life beckon us from the death-bed and the tomb. Let us go back to the ordinary world from the following genial portrait, the first in a gallery of "Every Day characters." We shall again, it is true, end at the grave ; but this time the pilgrimage thither will be more supportable, and the return more easy. Following, in his own way, in the footsteps of Chaucer, Dryden, and Goldsmith, Praed gives us his version of the "Good Parson," in the poem of

#### "THE VICAR.

"Some years ago, ere time and taste  
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,  
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,  
And roads as little known as scurvy,  
The man who lost his way, between  
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,  
Was always shown across the green,  
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

"Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;  
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,  
Led the lorn traveller up the path,  
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle ;  
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,  
Upon the parlour steps collected,  
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say—  
'Our master knows you—you're expected.'

"Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,  
Uprose the doctor's winsome marrow ;  
The lady laid her knitting down,  
Her husband clasped his ponderous barrow  
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,  
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,  
He found a stable for his steed,  
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

"If, when he reached his journey's end,  
And warmed himself in Court or College,  
He had not gained an honest friend  
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—  
If he departed as he came,  
With no new light on love or liquor,—  
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,  
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

"His talk was like a stream, which runs  
With rapid change from rocks to roses :  
It slipped from politics to puns,  
It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;  
Beginning with the laws which keep  
The planets in their radiant courses,  
And ending with some precept deep  
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

"He was a shrewd and sound Divine,  
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;  
And when, by dint of page and line  
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,  
The Baptist found him far too deep ;  
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow ;

And the lean Levite went to sleep,  
And dreamed of jasting pork to-morrow.

"His sermon never said or showed  
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,  
Without refreshment on the road  
From Jerome, or from Athanasius;  
And sure a righteous zeal inspired,  
The hand and head that penned and planned  
them,  
For all who understood admired,  
And some who did not understand them.

"He wrote, too, in a quiet way  
Small treatises, and smaller verses,  
And sage remarks on chalk and clay  
And hints to noble Lords — and nurses;  
True histories of last year's ghost,  
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,  
And trifles for the Morning Post,  
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

"He did not think all mischief fair,  
Although he had a knack of joking;  
He did not make himself a bear,  
Although he had a taste for smoking;  
And when religious sects ran mad,  
He held, in spite of all his learning,  
That if a man's belief is bad,  
It will not be improved by burning.

"And he was kind, and loved to sit  
In the low hut or garnished cottage,  
And praise the farmer's homely wit,  
And share the widow's homelier pottage:  
At his approach complaint grew mild;  
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,  
The clammy lips of fever smiled  
The welcome which they could not utter.

"He always had a tale for me  
Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus;  
From him I learnt the rule of three,  
Cat's cradle, leap frog, and *Que genus*;  
I used to singe his powdered wig,  
To steal the staff he put such trust in,  
And make the puppy dance a jig;  
When he began to quote Augustine.

"Alack the change! in vain I look  
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled, —  
The level lawn, the trickling brook,  
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:  
The church is larger than before;  
You reach it by a carriage entry;  
It holds three hundred people more,  
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

"Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear  
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,  
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,  
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.  
Where is the old man laid? — look down,  
And construe on the slab before you,  
*'Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,  
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.'*"

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS AND CHARADES.

|             |           |
|-------------|-----------|
| Bottle.     | Bellrope. |
| Knighthood. | Nightcap. |
| Bowstring.  | Campbell. |

A. H. G.

A new application of mica to the arts is being made in Paris by M. Holthausen. This gentleman has devised a method of ornamenting sheets of mica for various purposes. He prints his designs on the mica in gray, and afterwards produces his effects by the use of transparent and opaque colours and metallic reflecting surfaces. The use made of the new process has as yet been confined to the ornamentation of lamps and shop-windows, but it is proposed to apply it to the production of a cheap substitute for stained glass. The sheets of mica can be painted in any desired manner, and preserved, it is said, by means of a varnish; or the painting may be fixed like enamel on the mica by the use of different pigments and the aid of a furnace, the pieces of painted mica being afterwards fixed, with the coloured side in, on the glass of the windows. The mode of proceeding is thus described: — After the mica is split into layers and cut into the requisite shape, it is fastened or

glued on cardboard, in order to be polished and printed. The former operation is performed by means of a soft rubber, moistened with a solution of soap or sulphuric acid, extremely diluted with gum-water. The printing is effected in the usual manner. Opaqueness is produced by a previous coat of varnish on a metallic ground, obtained by means of leaf or powder. The colour is laid on as in illuminated works, and the ordinary pigments may be employed and afterwards covered with a transparent spirit varnish. When the ornamentation is completed, the mica is removed from the card and fixed on glass or any other substance by means of a solution of gum-sandrac and mastic in potash and alcohol. It is said that, when carefully executed, it is quite impossible to detect the junction of the various pieces of mica which constitute the mosaic or other object formed, and that the entire result is extremely pretty and attractive — *London Review*.

From the Churchman's Family Magazine.  
LORD MACAULAY AND WILLIAM PENN.

BY THE REV. THOMAS LATHBURY.\*

LORD MACAULAY was not much inclined to acknowledge mistakes or errors. On one occasion, indeed, he modified his views relative to the nonjuring bishops, and expressed himself thankful for any corrections in matters of fact. The particulars in this case were given in the "Literary Gazette," in 1861. This case, however, was the exception, for generally he adhered to his original statements.

But sometimes Macaulay was right in the statements which were charged with error. We may take the case of William Penn as an illustration. On no subject was he attacked with greater severity, yet he made no retraction; on the contrary, after due consideration, he allowed his statements to remain, because he was fully convinced of their truth.

Lord Macaulay was charged with reducing the character of Penn. He regarded Penn as the "tool of the King and the Jesuits." In this light was he regarded by his contemporaries. Churchmen and Dissenters were agreed on this subject. With respect to Magdalen College, Lord Macaulay remarks that "the courtly Quaker did his

best to seduce the college from the path of right." On the authority of a letter in the State Paper Office, Lord Macaulay charges Penn with discreditable conduct in the case of certain young girls at Taunton, whose parents were negotiating terms for a composition with the maids of honour. It is alleged by his lordship's accusers, that there is no other evidence than this solitary letter; and it is asserted that another person, George Penne, might be intended. Oldmixon is quoted, who does not mention Penn. It is said that Oldmixon, as Penn's personal friend, could not have been ignorant of the fact, had it occurred. Clarkson, however, remarks that Oldmixon was strongly prejudiced against Penn, on account of his attachment to James. Oldmixon's silence, therefore, proves nothing. Penn acted secretly, and he was not likely to consult such a man as Oldmixon, with whom at this time he could not agree.

In the case of Hiffin, the Baptist, Macaulay says that Penn "was employed in the work of seduction, but to no purpose." The defenders of the Quaker's memory aver that the assertion is a perversion of Hiffin's acknowledgment of Penn's services with the King to get him excused from filling a public office. The very fact of Penn's interference proves his reputation in the Court, which assuredly would not have been maintained had it been used in the cause of liberty. We shall presently quote from a contemporary tract by a baptist, and it will prove that Penn was regarded as an enemy by that body, as well as by Dissenters in general.

In the few passages which we have quoted from the pages of Macaulay is contained the whole of his charge against William Penn. It is a charge of dishonourable conduct in the Court of James II. It is no new charge; it was alleged in Penn's own day, and the evidence on which it rests is before the public. Penn's admirers, it seems, are annoyed, because the charge is repeated in a popular history; yet no unprejudiced writer could have passed over the reign of James II. without inflicting a censure on the conduct of the courtly Quaker.

Our object will be to bring forth some fresh evidence in favour of the verdict which was passed upon Penn by his contemporaries, and which Lord Macaulay supports. The case of Magdalen College, however, inasmuch as it created so great a sensation at the time, may be first noticed. A letter was written to Dr. Bayley, one of the fellows, urging them to yield to the King's command. Macaulay regards this

\* It is with a feeling of deep regret that we this month publish one of the last productions of this pious, amiable, and most learned writer. Mr. Lathbury, whose lamented death occurred a few weeks since, was perhaps the most deeply-read man of his day in that peculiar walk of literature which he had made his own. Unfortunately he had no popular arts, and never sought to place his great learning in an attractive form. His reputation was confined to a much more limited circle than the general public, but within that circle it stood exceedingly high. He liked to show those letters he received from Lord Macaulay to which he makes allusion above, and which, though printed in a now defunct periodical, cannot in any large sense be said to have been published. They are indeed sufficiently remarkable as being the only instance, with which we are acquainted, in which Lord Macaulay retracted what he had written, from the superior weight of learning and reasoning brought to bear upon him. Not only Lord Macaulay, but most writers whose literary work lay in the same direction as Mr. Lathbury's, cheerfully acknowledge the obligation under which his researches laid so many historical students. Those who had the privilege of his acquaintance will not soon forget the striking appearance, so kindly, dignified, and intellectual, of the good old man, nor yet the remarkable library which he must have collected with infinite pains, and where, perhaps, he was seen to the best advantage. There never existed a more proper case for high cathedral preferment than in this instance, and we believe that, had Bishop Blomfield's valuable life been spared, this would not have been long delayed. As the case now stands, it forms one more instance—and there are many such instances, unhappily—of acknowledged worth and learning slighted by those in high places. The article we now insert we can hardly hope will be popular, but it is a fair *étatide* of wonderful stores of information now lost to the world.—EDITOR, C. F. M.



letter as the production of Penn; it was so regarded by Bayley himself, who wrote a reply, and sent it to Penn. Of Bayley's reply no notice, as far as we know, was taken, and therefore it is now argued that there is neither proof nor probability that Penn was the writer of the anonymous letter. Let us, however, examine the facts. Early in 1688 there appeared a work under the following title, "An Impartial Relation of the whole Proceedings against St. Mary Magdalen College, in Oxon, in the year of our Lord 1687, containing only matters of fact as they occurred, printed in the year 1688." It was privately printed; but in the year 1689 it was republished, with some particulars which could not safely be given in 1688. The pamphlets contained the supposed letter of Penn, with Bayley's answer. Bayley says, "I presume to make this application to you desiring your excuse for not, subscribing it; for if you did write the letter you know to whom it was directed, and if you did not, I hope your charity will induce you to make such use of your light you have by it into the affairs of our College, as to mediate for us with his majesty." We know that Penn interfered, and that his mediation, as it was termed, was satisfactory to the King. It cannot be denied that Penn persuaded the fellows to submit to his majesty. It was therefore probable that Penn wrote a letter to the fellows. The evidence, indeed, amounts to a moral certainty. Had he not been the writer, he must have disowned the letter in 1689. The printed pamphlet, in which the letter was contained, was in circulation early in 1688; in 1689 it was reprinted. Could Penn have remained silent in 1689 had he not been the writer? Such a supposition is unreasonable. Lord Macaulay's opponents, indeed, say Bayley "chose to attribute the letter to Penn." They talk also of Penn's "truth-telling loyalty to his sovereign." Thus they repudiate the letter, and pretend that Penn's influence was used in favour of the fellows. We cannot conceive of a more flagrant perversion of the truth. Had he not supported James's views, he would not have been encouraged at the Court.\*

There was another popular pamphlet at the time, in which the letter is ascribed to Penn. "Before he made Magdalen College feel the weight of his displeasure, William

Penn, the head of the Quakers, or as some thought an ambitious, crafty Jesuit, who (under a fanatical outside) promoted King James's designs, was industriously employed." This pamphlet was adopted by Kennet and by Echard as the text of their respective histories; by the former in 1709, by the latter in 1718.\* It was the general belief that Penn was the writer of the letter. We ask, can there be any doubt on the subject? Why, then, is Macaulay censured for his statement?

In the account of the proceedings against the college, certain *queries* from Windsor follow Bayley's reply to Penn. These *queries* prove Penn's agency in the matter. The fifth query is remarkable: "Whether you acted like men skilled in business when you refused Mr. Penn's mediation, who, you may be sure, had good authority for what he did?" In their reply to the *queries*, the fellows take no notice of the fifth. Is it to be credited that certain gentlemen should now come forward with the assertion that William Penn's influence at Court was always used in favour of liberty? Penn's silence is conclusive in favour of the general opinion that his conduct in these matters was most discreditable.† Clarkson admits that the fellows had interviews with Penn after the letter, and is it not clear that those interviews took place in consequence of the letter?

Macaulay merely mentions matters of fact, and then charges Penn with supporting the views of James II. Penn's admirers cannot admit that any blemish rests upon his character; they will have it that his influence with the King was always used in favour of the oppressed. Lord Macaulay merely endorses the general opinion after an examination of the evidence, and in consequence the wrath of Penn's admirers is kindled. They cannot controvert the facts; they can only allege Penn's general character. Lord Macaulay does not assail his character; he merely censures his conduct during the reign of King James.‡ Penn, as we have already

\* Kenneth, iii. 505; Echard, iii. 183. Thus, from the year 1688, the letter was publicly ascribed to Penn, who lived until 1718, and yet never denied that he was the writer.

† Clarkson even, though he says "it is not known whether Penn wrote the letter or answered Bayley's," speaks with moderation when compared with the language of Lord Macaulay's opponents. Clarkson, i. 503. It is singular that little notice is taken of these *Queries*, either by Clarkson or by the accusers of Lord Macaulay, and yet they are evidently connected with the letter to Bayley.

‡ The Dean of St. Paul's, in his "Memoir of Lord Macaulay," after praising Penn's conduct in Pennsylvania, says, "he was in England a vain, busy man, proud of his influence with the King, who

\* We know not whether Macaulay's accusers consulted the original pamphlet; their references are to "The State Trials," in which it is reprinted. It is, however, important to bear in mind that the letter was printed as Penn's in 1688.

remarked, was suspected and distrusted both by Churchmen and Dissenters. The general opinion was unfavorable to his integrity in his intercourse with the Court, nor has anything transpired to alter the verdict which was pronounced at the time. Clarkson admits that he became more popular than ever after the committal of the bishops, and further that he was suspected of recommending the declaration for liberty of conscience. It is not surprising, therefore, that he was suspected of Popery. Burnet did not regard him as a real Quaker. His conduct was mysterious; and it is possible that he could have gained the confidence of the King if he had not supported his measures against the liberties of the country? James himself did not consider him a Quaker. Lord Dartmouth says, "The King once, in discourse with a person I had it from, said, 'I suppose you take William Penn for a Quaker, but I can assure you that he is no more than I am.'" Lord Dartmouth also mentions that he was employed by Godolphin, the treasurer, in taking messages to persons with whom the minister did not wish to hold any personal intercourse. Burnet gives us the general impression: "Many suspected that he was a concealed Papist; it is certain that he was much with Father Petre." He also says, "Penn showed both a scorn of the clergy and violent spite against them, in which he had not many followers."\* Macaulay has not said one word against Penn's character, except in reference to his conduct with James II. Lord Macaulay states facts, while Penn's defenders dwell upon his supposed good character; but mere supposition cannot stand against facts.

Neither Lord Macaulay nor his opponents looked into contemporary publications; they contented themselves with the materials which were ready at hand. Had they examined the works of the period, they would have found abundant evidence in favour of the general verdict, to which we have referred. The more those publications are examined, the more completely will Lord Macaulay's conclusions be established. We have re-opened the question for the purpose of submitting to the public some fresh materials on the subject. They support the conclusions of the former; they disprove all the rash assertions of the latter.

During the period of Penn's influence in the Court the following work appeared:

found it his interest to flatter him, and unable to keep himself out of the miserable intrigues of that miserable Court."

\* Burnet's "History of his Own Times," vol. III. 182, 183, 185. Oxford, 1898.

"A Seasonable Discourse, showing the necessity of Union amongst Protestants; also the Charge of Persecution maintained against the Established Religion, by W. P., H. C., etc., proving it to be the Ministers of State, and not the Church, that prosecuted the Penal Laws on Dissenters. Printed in the year 1688."

The work was privately printed in 1688, before the arrival of the Prince of Orange. The initials W. P. and H. C. point to William Penn and Henry Care. Care had for many years been a violent opponent of the Court; he had written much against Rome and much against his sovereign, but at this time he was in the pay of James. He and Penn were engaged in the same cause.

We also refer to another work by a Baptist: "Three Considerations proposed to Mr. William Penn, concerning the Validity and Security of his new Magna Charta for Liberty of Conscience, by a Baptist, which may be worthy the consideration of all the Quakers, and of all my Dissenting Brethren also that have votes in the choice of Parliament Men." It is a quarto tract of four pages, without any name of place or printer. The former publication was the production of a Churchman, the latter of a Baptist. In their opinion of Penn, Churchmen and Dissenters were agreed. The writer asks Penn, "what validity or security can any pretended new law or charter have, when we see so many of the present laws we already have, may be, and are, by the dispensing power dispensed with? Have we, or can we have, any higher power here in England than King, Lords, and Commons? The laws that are now dispensed with and rendered useless, were they not made by that power? Pray tell me, can your new charter (if you had it) be made by any higher or any other power? And, Mr. Penn, let your brethren and us know your mind honestly." Penn had laboured to induce the Dissenters to believe that the royal declaration would be sanctioned by authority of Parliament; but no confidence was placed in the King, nor in William Penn.

Penn is reminded by the writer of the views of the Roman Catholics, with whom he was then acting to please his majesty. "You shall hear what Roman Catholics have already told us, and judged is the law in this matter; nay, and such a right so inherent and so inseparable from the Crown, that a King cannot divest himself of it if he would." He further asks, "Now where's the assurance of William Penn's new charter for liberty? What will—nay, what can—your new charter then signify, when

it either is or may be (according to your own doctrine) either invalidated or disannulled in an instant? Pray, Mr. Penn, consider what your new charter can signify, so long as there is a High Commission Court? Cannot those commissioners take any of your and our preachers, teachers, or ministers to task when they please? Cannot they, when they have a mind to it, suspend Mr. Penn, or George Whitehead, Mr. Alsop, Mr. Lobb?" Then adds the writer, "Now let us see, before we leap, whether that will run no further than just Mr. Penn will have it. Can he stop the current of it when he pleases? If he could, we are not sure he would; for formerly he had no great kindness for us Baptists and other Dissenters. Therefore it would be the greatest piece of weakness and folly in the world for us to dance after his and the Jesuit's pipe."

That the opinion of Penn entertained by this writer was the general opinion at the time, is manifest from contemporary publications. In this tract he is reminded of "the Magdalen College men." He is charged with acting in concert with Jesuits. In allusion to the excesses committed in the country, the writer says, "If you were truly a friend to liberty for liberty's sake, as you publish and pretend to the world, you would mind and inform us and your brethren of these and the like things, and not mincingly pass them over, and both delude and deceive us and them." Such was the general verdict on Penn's conduct at the time, nor can it be shaken by Lord Macaulay's opponents. Penn, as well as other men, must be judged by his conduct. The Marquis of Halifax, as is clear from his celebrated "Letter to a Dissenter," considered Penn's conduct discreditable. In allusion to the favour in which the Quakers were held by the Romanists, the Marquis says, "so that I should not wonder, though a man of that persuasion, in spite of his hat, should be master of the ceremonies." It is evident that he alludes to Penn, nor is it possible to remove the suspicions which rest upon his character. Undoubtedly he approved of the obnoxious measures of the Court. Lord Macaulay's estimate of his character is therefore correct. Were all his lordship's statements equally well founded with his conclusions relative to the character of William Penn, the value of his history would be greatly enhanced.

During Penn's life no one stood forward to defend his conduct in his intercourse with the Court. Lord Macaulay simply charges him with supporting the designs of the King, and all his contemporaries alleged the same

charge. Nothing has transpired to reverse their decision. Towards the close of the reign of James II. a Jesuit writes, "Our brother Penn and his disciples have done us signal services." Romanists regarded Penn's efforts as favourable to their cause, and he was suspected by all Protestants. It was a curious friendship between him and Father Petre, and they were constantly together. In another contemporary pamphlet we read, "Friend Penn, who has had long commerce with Rome, was stirred up by his new spirit to persuade the nation to part with penal laws and tests. It cannot be doubted that he is as much in earnest as Father Petre himself." The writer then alludes to Penn's former opinions, adding that men could not "reconcile this new spirit with the old." After quoting from one of Penn's works, the writer asks, "Dear Friend William, how shall we reconcile these things with the new expedient? Since these lights lead different ways, for God's sake tell us which we shall follow." In "Some Queries concerning Liberty of Conscience," the author asks, "Friend Penn, dost thou believe in the Council of Lateran? If thou dost not, thou art not so good a Catholic as some take thee to be." In a "Letter from a Freeholder," the writer says, "According to the courtesie of England, I shall wish Friend William Penn and his fellow-gamesters a good deliverance." Similar quotations, to a very large extent, might be given from contemporary publications. Lord Macaulay's accusers rest their defence of Penn on his general character, taking no notice whatever of the charges of his contemporaries.

We have revived this question because it has not hitherto been examined by the light of contemporary publications. An attempt is now made to defend Penn from the charge of supporting the obnoxious measures of the Court. The evidence which we have submitted to the public is very important, as confirmatory of the conclusions at which Lord Macaulay arrived. Great as may have been the mistakes of his Lordship in other matters, it is but an act of justice to defend his memory against the charge of misrepresenting the character of William Penn. Whatever may have been Penn's virtues, and Lord Macaulay has not assailed his moral character, his conduct in the Court of James II. was, to say the least, most suspicious. The charge has never been disproved; on the contrary, the evidence is so overwhelming, that no unprejudiced person can entertain any doubt on the subject. Had Lord Macaulay slandered Penn, the virtuous indignation of certain gentlemen might have

been excited; but as the charge is simply one of discreditable conduct in the transactions of the reign of James II., they might have satisfied themselves of its truth by a reference to the publications of the period. Gentlemen who can gravely talk of Penn's "truth-telling loyalty to his sovereign" can have little regard for truth itself. There is no direct evidence of Penn's conspiring against King William; but he was suspected, and for a time he was forced to conceal himself. No such suspicion could have rested upon him, if he had acted honestly in the cause of liberty during the reign of King James. Thousands who never would have given a thought to William Penn will read his story in Lord Macaulay's pages, and the efforts of certain persons to convict the historian of error have been the means of furnishing the strongest evidence in support of the charge of the Quaker's duplicity. Mr. Clarkson calls him, in summing up his character, a "noble patriot;" but the term, at all events, cannot be applied to him during the reign of James II. From Clarkson Lord Macaulay's accusers seem to have adopted their views without any inquiry. Clarkson censures Burnet for

not retracting some of his opinions relative to Penn, but as the Bishop's remarks applied only to the transactions under King James there was nothing to retract. Clarkson also intimates that Penn expostulated with the King on his conduct towards the fellows of Magdalen, yet the evidence proves that his majesty was satisfied; and as the Quaker recommended submission on the part of the college, it is clear that his conduct deserved the censure which was inflicted by contemporaries, and which Lord Macaulay has merely endorsed. Did Penn act as a patriot in recommending the fellows to submit to his majesty? On the contrary, did not such conduct give a colour to the report that he was a Papist, if not a Jesuit? We know that Penn was not a Papist, yet his conduct was most inconsistent in a man professing to be a Protestant. In short, his conduct during the reign of James II., to which alone Lord Macaulay refers in his summary of his character, is the dark spot upon his reputation which no sophistry can wipe off. It confirms Lord Macaulay's charge, that he was "the tool of the King and the Jesuits."

#### OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

THANK God, the sky is clearing!  
The clouds are hurrying past:  
Thank God, the day is nearing!  
The dawn is coming fast.  
And when glad herald voices  
Shall tell us peace has come,  
This thought shall most rejoice us:  
"Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing  
Drown war's tremendous din;  
Soon shall the joy-bell's ringing  
Bring peace and freedom in.  
The jubilee bonfires burning,  
Shall soon light up the dome,  
And soon, to soothe our yearning,  
Our boys are coming home!

The vacant fireside places  
Have waited for them long;  
The love-light lacks their faces,  
The chorus waits their song;  
A shadowy fear has haunted  
The long deserted room;  
But now our prayers are granted,  
Our boys are coming home!

O mother, calmly waiting  
For that beloved son!  
O sister, proudly dating  
The victories he has won!  
O maiden, softly humming  
The love song while you roam —  
Joy, joy, the boys are coming —  
Our boys are coming home!

And yet — oh, keenest sorrow!  
They're coming, but not all;  
Full many a dark to-morrow  
Shall wear its sable pall  
For thousands who are sleeping  
Beneath the empurpled loam;  
Woe! woe! for those we're weeping,  
Who never will come home!

O sad heart, hush thy grieving;  
Wait but a little while!  
With hoping and believing  
Thy woe and fear beguile.  
Wait for the joyous meeting  
Beyond the starry dome,  
For there our boys are waiting  
To bid us welcome home.

MORRISANIA, April 3, 1865.

*N. Y. Evening Post.*



From the Spectator, April 22.

## THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

THE topic of the week has been the attitude of the North. The great democracy has come well out of its hour of supreme trial. Through four long years of defeat, and discouragement, and feverish effort, amidst the execrations of its foes and the forebodings of many of its friends, the Republic has fought on, opposing to the superior organization of an oligarchy the strength which springs of freedom, and meeting incessant failure with the Anglo-Saxon persistence which the world mistakes for vanity. And now the game is won, and in its first hour of triumph, with the smoke still hovering over the field, and the lists of its dead not yet made up, it is singing psalms to God, promising peace to all mankind, proclaiming freedom to all slaves, and crying to its rulers to issue complete and unpurchased amnesties. The emotion may not last, though we think it will, but the future of a people whose uncalculating emotion in the hour of defeat is to boast of their invincibility, and in the moment of triumph to ask pardon for their foes, must be a grand one. Since the men of the barricades shot their comrades for plundering, democracy has given no sign so full of promise as the conduct of the American people after the fall of Richmond.

We were able last week to announce the fall of Richmond, the greatest event of this year, in a second edition. The proximate causes of the event may be easily explained. Lee was reduced to great straits, and nearly isolated from the rest of the Confederacy. Grant, well informed of his opponent's case, moved his army to the left, and fastened on the throat of the Confederate lines. Skirmishing with his centre and right, and using his left to strike, Grant, Sheridan carrying out his plans, rolled up the Confederate right wing. Then the whole army fell on, and by nightfall on the 6th Lee was routed and forced to hurry out of Richmond. Grant instantly moved his troops towards Amelia Court-house and Burkesville Junction, and used such diligence that his troops were first across the roads by which Lee thought to join Johnston. Lee, coming from the Appomattox, essayed a flank march, but he was caught in the fact and crushed, six generals and several thousand men being taken prisoners. Cut off from North Carolina, Lee was last heard from leading a shattered army towards Lynchburg, a town upon which not only Grant, but Hancock from Winchester and Thomas from Knoxville,

were marching. In short, by able movements, stern fighting, and a vigorous pursuit, Grant has virtually destroyed the Confederate army.

The tidings of these events were of course received in New York with an enthusiasm of joy. The dealers in Wall Street broke out spontaneously into the Old Hundreth, or rather the doxology to the Old Hundreth, and followed it up — they, remember, being Democrats, not Republicans — with John Brown's hymn. People ran about in the street embracing and congratulating one another, and speeches were made in every direction full of kindness towards the South. At Washington, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Stanton all addressed the crowd. Mr. Stanton spoke with deep feeling and earnestness, calling on the people for gratitude to the Almighty and help for the wounded and the suffering. Mr. Seward gave a would-be comic sketch of the despatches he should write; but took occasion to say with emphasis that, "if Great Britain would be just to the United States, Canada would remain undisturbed" — a declaration received by the crowd with vehement approval. Even Mr. Johnson was sane, trusting that the nation would display both dignity and clemency. Of course *The Times* and Mr. Reuter's agent have asserted that he advocated hanging Mr. Davis "fifty times as high as Haman," and of course the statement is a total perversion of an unlucky sentence. What Mr. Johnson did say was, that he had once said that Andrew Jackson would have prevented the war by hanging the first who proclaimed secession, and so would he himself. All the leading Republican papers, including *The Tribune* and *The New York Times*, urge upon Mr. Lincoln the rightfulness of proclaiming the widest amnesty.

This last victory of the North is to the South more than a great defeat. It is much that after five continuous days of battle the last effective army of the Confederacy should have been driven from its lines in such helpless rout that prisoners were taken by brigades, that the ground for forty miles was strewn with abandoned matériel, that the fugitives had not the power to turn upon cavalry worn with the fierce pursuit of hours, that nine generals are known to have been killed or captured in the retreat, and that the Commander-in-Chief with the relics of his command should be reduced to straits which make his surrender possible. It is more that the Southern soldiery should have lost their



trust in that *prestige* of invincibility which even after Antietam attached to General Lee when fighting on his own ground, should feel that not even his skill can equalize the contending forces, should know that they have as little to hope from the enemy's blunders as from any failure in his resources. But nevertheless great as has been the overthrow, both these losses — that of the army and that of military confidence — might be reparable, and that of Richmond is not. Great efforts are making in this country by writers more Southern than the Southerners to show that Richmond is merely a point in space, that Lee advised its evacuation many months ago, that its fall releases the South from a burden, and sets it free for a defence suited alike to its genius and its circumstances. But so was Sebastopol a point in space, a mere fort at the extremity of a vast empire, which when the war was ended had through most of its provinces never seen an invader. So had the best generals of the Czar recommended the evacuation of Sebastopol. But the advice was not taken, and when the fortress fell, the power of Russia fell with it, for the entire strength of the Empire had been strained for its defence, 600,000 men had perished either before its walls or on their march to defend them, and when all had failed the blow fell as heavily on Archangel and Tobolsk as on "the blood-stained ruins" so many thousands of miles away. Richmond was the Sebastopol of the Confederacy. During the four years' siege, army after army, resource after resource, general after general had been used up in defending that one city, or in other words, in holding possession of the arena selected by both sides for the grand trial of strength. In the last months of the campaign every regiment that could be procured from the West, every conscript who could be swept up among the hills of the middle region, had been collected in front of Richmond; Mobile had been left without defenders, and the army in Tennessee without the power of movement; Georgia had been denuded not only of soldiers, but of its whole population from eighteen to forty-five, the Carolinas had been left without garrisons, and Virginia, the first State of the South, had been so utterly exhausted that General Lee announced in a public order that unless his troops were supplied from other regions they must starve. There is not a State in the whole Confederacy to which the fall of Richmond and the destruction of Lee's army do not involve

the loss of the flower of its sons and an appreciable portion of all its resources for war. The "nation" which Mr. Gladstone affirmed Mr. Davis to have "made" had in fact strained its muscles to the task of holding on to its capital, and the relaxing of its grasp shows that the whole body has been enfeebled. Every blow now delivered anywhere will be but a blow in the air, the despairing effort of a brave man who feels that from head to foot his muscles have given way. It is the heart which has been paralyzed by the shock, not a finger, or even a limb.

The "nation" has, as we believe, been defeated in the defeat of its last army, and the only subject for doubt is whether it has not been also dissolved. From first to last the strength of the South has been due to its hard, coherent organization. A few men, never thirty thousand in number, bound together by their interests and their prejudices, trained in the habit of command, and soldiers on service from their boyhood, have ruled with unquestioned authority over a population half of whom were serfs by law, and the other half through the poverty produced by competition with unpaid toil. The coherent substance proved at first too hard for the greater but more fluid mass of the North; it cleft it as a ship cleaves the current which nevertheless is bearing it to destruction. Throughout the war, orders from Richmond have been obeyed with a promptitude and vigour which over and over again have given to the little but mobile power a visible advantage over its huge but more cumbrous rival. But this coherence depends entirely on organization, is the result of an artificial system, not of inherent strength, and that system is dissolved. When the bravest and subtlest intellect in the States, Mr. Davis, fled from Richmond he recognized the approaching destruction, not only of the nation he is said to have made, but of the organization by which he had hoped to make it. The separate States are little likely to obey a fugitive President and a wandering Congress, and nothing but obedience strict as that of an army can even protract the contest. There is no people to appeal to in the last resort, no possibility of an uprising such as renewed the struggle against France in the Peninsula, for the people, the artisans and the tillers of the ground, are the inalienable friends of the invading power. Men talk of a guerilla war, but not to mention that no guerilla war ever yet in history succeeded unless aided by

regular troops, who ever heard of a guerilla war with the peasantry against the guerillas? Small bands of armed men, moving amongst friends, warned of every surprise, and wrapped by the sympathy of the people in a cloak of invisibility, may accomplish something, though very little, against a modern army, but how if the people do not sympathize, if every labourer the guerillas pass is a spy, every workman who glances at them an irreconcilable foe, every boatman and groom and waiter and serving-woman ready to risk life to bear to the enemy tidings of their approach? Guerilla war is difficult even to a free people, simply impossible to a people encompassed by hostile slaves. Slavery is the Nemesis of the South. The great offence which created the war, which at every stage has embarrassed its prosecution, which has paralyzed military genius and made heroism of no account, which has sapped an organization marvellous in its completeness and frustrated a purpose more marvellous still in its height of evil grandeur, which has rendered even the virtues useless, made patriotism dangerous, and self-devotion unwise, still clogs the feet of the South. But for slavery the war would never have commenced; but for slavery there would have been from the first the *levée en masse* which, when made too late, has failed; but for slavery the North, as Mr. Lincoln acknowledges, could not in the third year have refilled its worn battalions; but for slavery the invaders would never have marched unopposed straight across hostile States; but for slavery allies would have been found who could in a month have caused the recognition of the revolt; and but for slavery now the struggle need not approach its end. Slavery, as Mr. Stephens truly said, was the cornerstone of the building, and as it crumbles away the edifice erected upon it is rocking to its fall. As the coloured brigade entered Richmond, the advanced guard of a white army, the stone received the blow after which no human power can reconstruct even a diamond.

The fall of Richmond is, we believe, the fall of the Confederacy, of the slave Empire which was to have ruled the Gulf and extended its power to the Equator, and it is not hard to form an opinion even as to the immediate course of events. As the central power dissolves, the separate States will resume their right of action, and will come in one by one. They have no terms to make, no negotiations to dawdle over, no treaty of peace either to offer or to implore. The

terms are already known, and are such as involve neither humiliation nor any suffering beyond that which is always involved in the reparation of wrong. Each State, as it satisfies itself that the struggle is over, has only to liberate its slaves and send its representatives to Congress, and it is instantly free, free not only to control its own internal affairs, but to take its part in those of the nation against which it has just been waging war *à l'outrance*, free even to moderate the repression the governing body might exercise upon its less submissive allies. President Lincoln has already offered amnesty to all persons not actually ringleaders, the Confiscation Act will be suspended for every State that submits, and the retro-pective oath of allegiance can be abolished by an executive order. The North, it is evident, will exact neither blood nor fines. In the very height of its rapture at the tidings of victory, in the very moment when an excitable people might have been expected to pour out its wrath, its leaders began to recommend still wider amnesties, and their followers broke out into hymns of thanksgiving to the Almighty. We do not know in the whole range of history an incident more striking than that recorded of Wall Street, that sudden uprising of the latent Puritan feeling through all the deposit with which money-seeking and war have crusted it, the money-dealers in the very temple of Mammon breaking out into a spontaneous *Te Deum*, pouring out the only hymn familiar to every Yankee child. The only hymn, but not the only song, for the voices which had just finished the Old Hundredth followed it with the rude strain which, better than Whittier's songs or Garrison's speeches, expresses the full fervour of abolitionism in movement. Praise to the Lord and freedom to the slave, — those were the thoughts which came first to the hearts and lips of one of the most corrupted sections of the American democracy. Their tendency certainly will not be either to blood or plunder; rather their danger is of a lenity amounting to weakness, of a disposition to grant away some of their objects in the gladness of reconciliation. The dream of their lives, the nation covering a continent and offering a refuge for every wrong, has been so close to their hearts, that they seem ready to embrace the revolutionists who shattered it because their defeat has made its realization once more possible. Their gladness is almost infantine in its demonstrativeness, but they have reason for it. If they have lost scores of thou-

sands of their children and burdened themselves with European debt, expended four years in civil war, and imposed upon themselves the curse of a standing army, they have enfranchised a race more numerous than themselves when they fought for their own freedom, removed from their country a stain which outweighed all the effects of her teaching, and taught the nations once for all the grand lesson that, be the faults of democracy what they will, at least it is not weak. Other things fell on the 4th of April besides Richmond, and among them the belief that the few may once more hope to govern the world in the interest of themselves.

From the Examiner, April 22.

From the beginning of the year there have been signs not only of the failing resources of the Southern, but of what is much worse for such a cause, failing resolution. Patriotism is never restored by appeals, and President Davis's appeals did nothing but disclose the nakedness of the land. It was one of those cries for help which rather discourages help by the suggestion that it cannot avail, the need being too great. At that time it was stated that the country was swarming with deserters, whose return to the ranks would dispense with any conscription and amply recruit the Confederate armies. Then came the proposal to enlist the negroes, which, if good at all, should have been adopted at first, when the Southern cause was prospering, and when it would not have seemed a measure of the last extremity, *au pis aller*. Sherman's unobstructed march was the next bad sign, and the pretence that it was because the men of the country were with the Confederate armies that he encountered no opposition was too preposterously absurd when the complaint was so loud of desertion, and the women were invited to drive back the laggards to the ranks with their broomsticks. Still the spirit of the South, of that part of it which remained sound, and the conduct of its general, were much counted upon for the restoration of its fortunes, and a partial success prepared us to expect the ups and downs, the seesaw of victory which has hitherto marked the whole course of the war. But so, it seems, it is not to be. The whole framework of the Southern war has collapsed, for nothing less is the effect of the total overthrow of Lee, and the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg. Here, probably, ends one phase of the war, the first act of a terrible drama, with a catastrophe yet to come. It was always seen and predicted

(by Mr. Gladstone, who believe, first) that the greatest difficulties of the North would commence with their completest success in the field, when it should have broken up the Southern armies, and scattered its foes all over the land. What was before an open enemy will then be reduced to a much more unmanageable hostile population. To understand this difficulty let us consider the order of such things. The first aim of every Power that has to put down revolt is to get its enemies into masses which its superior forces may cut up. But the American war began where other civil wars generally end, with armies in the field, not with a smouldering fire of disaffection, and the great difficulty is all to come, of coping with the covert hostility of the people spread over a vast territory. The posture of things in this case is well described by the French as "having the wolf by the ears," with the awkward difficulty of holding, or the instant danger of letting go. The embarrassment exhausts patience, and leads to severities which envenom the quarrel, and there is an action and reaction of wrong and revenge. This with a province is bad enough, as we have seen in some woeful continental examples of our time; but what will it be with a nation of six millions brought up in habits of domination, and made to taste a bitterness worse than death in subjection to a hated race? It may never come to this, we may be told; but to this Northern success in its utmost completeness would lead. Nor do we think that clemency would much avail, though the trial of it will be a duty, for the exasperation of the Southern is too keen to be blunted by acts of grace, which will be ascribed to any motives but those of humanity and generosity.

Some of the sanguine friends of the Confederates reckon still on the room for their chivalry in the wide territory still open to them. But there is much delusion in that reliance on chivalry. All wars of an upper class are marked with great success at the outset, but it is a fire of straw, and wants the sustaining substance of a lower order of people. The course hands will win in the long run against the fair ones, with ability of leadership equivalent, or nearly so, and numbers on the side of the former.

The great quality of the Northerners has been pertinacity. They have shown little skill, have committed many blunders, but they have always been ready to try again, and by the exhaustion of failures made their way to success. Discouragement has certainly not been in their vocabulary. But then it must always be borne in mind that

the cost of life was not all their own, and that they were making free with Irish and German blood. If they had had to fight their battles at their own cost wholly, we suspect there would have been more economy of life, and with it more resort to strategy. But they have spent freely their own blood, and with their means and in their way they have so far carried their point to what we believe to be the beginning of their greatest difficulties. For what was said of Poland is as applicable to the South — "You may swallow it up, but you cannot digest it."

We are glad to see clemency generally advised by the leaders of opinion in the North; we are glad of it for the honour of the people, though we are not hopeful as to the results so far as the pacification of the Southern is concerned. For it is to be remembered that they have lost all in this struggle, and in their ruin they will recognize no mercy. Their lives may be spared but their fortunes are gone, and it will take years to restore the country to the condition, unsound as it was, which existed at the outbreak of hostilities. "The peculiar institution," as they called the detestable slavery, is gone, the ascendancy of Southern statesmanship gone, the cherished habit of domination gone, the wealth of the land gone, what remains? What the conqueror consents to spare, or dares not take.

From the Economist, 22d April.

The fall of Richmond is one of the most striking events of modern history. On the one side the great hopes of the Confederates, their equally great efforts, the sympathy they have gained in Europe: on the other side, the undaunted courage of the Federals, their refusal to admit, even to their imagination, the possibility of real failure, — their accumulating power, which for many weeks past has seemed to concentrate like a gathering cloud about the capital of their enemies, give to the real event the intense but melancholy interest that belongs to the catastrophe of a tragedy. It is impossible not to feel a sympathy with the Confederates. There is an attraction in vanquished gallantry which appeals to the good side of human nature. But every Englishman at least, will feel a kind of personal sympathy with the victory of the Federals. They have won, as an Englishman would have won, by obstinacy. They would not admit the possibility of real defeat; they did not know that they were beaten; or, to speak more accurately, they knew that though they seemed to be beaten they were not: they

felt that they had in them latent elements of conclusive vigour which, in the end, they should bring out, though they were awkward and slow in so doing. We may alter, perhaps, to suit this event, the terms which, in one of the greatest specimens of English narrative, the great English historian describes on a memorable occasion the conduct of Rome. "But there are moments when rashness is wisdom, and it may be that this was one of them; panic did not for a moment unnerve the iron courage of the American democracy, and their resolute will striving beyond its present power created, as is the law of our nature, the power which it required."

But leaving history to deal in a becoming manner with the imaginative aspect of this great event, let us look at its present aspect in a business-like manner. The details of it are yet uncertain, and any conclusive judgment on minute results would be absurd. But, as far as we know, what does it amount to, and what will be its result?

It used to be said that Richmond was not essential to the Confederacy; that it was a nominal and accidental capital; that it was not even the original capital; that Virginia was but an outside State in a Confederacy with a vast interior; that even if this superficial outwork was lost, the war could be indefinitely protracted; that the fall of this exterior fortification would have scarcely affected the resistance of the provinces, upon which everything depended. And at the outset of the war when these words were used, they were doubtless substantially true. Subsequent events have in many respects confirmed them, and have in few tended to contradict them.

But now the case is altered. The loss of an outer fortification does not impair the resisting faculty, when it is lost early in the day — when its defenders have not spent upon it the resources which are needful to defend the citadel. It still appears to be true, that if some time since, when the Confederacy had three armies unbroken — when no hostile army had penetrated their interior — when their organization was as yet intact, its Government had retired from Richmond, the war would not have ceased on the evacuation. The task of pursuing three armies retiring in a vast and friendly country by converging lines would certainly have been difficult and might not have been successful. Loose bodies of insurgents, if such there were, would then have had large armies upon which to support their accessory operations. But now the Confederacy have no such armies. What Lee may have saved,



what Johnston may still command, we do not know; but we may say without fear that they are incalculably less than the armies of the Confederacy a year ago, that they cannot maintain as compact bodies even a defensive and retiring conflict with the eager armies of the North.

But without organized armies, can the Confederates be defended by loose insurgents and guerilla warfare, acting alone and without support? We believe that history affords no countenance to such an idea. A guerilla warfare requires the aid either of disciplined forces or of inaccessible territory. The history of the Spanish war shows conclusively that the guerilla resistance of the nation would have been useless without the regular resistance of the English army under the Duke of Wellington; the Spaniards enabled him to effect more with fewer troops but they did little themselves. A territory like Arabia, a mountain chain like the Caucasus, can be defended by a few bodies of men with little discipline as well as by many more with discipline. Nature does so much that *any* sort of human force is sufficient to complete it. But the territory of the Confederacy though vast is penetrable: it is not a fortress, it is only a battle-field: it is a country in which a martial population, aided by effective armies, may well resist an invading enemy; but it is also a country from which even the most martial population may be brushed off with ease by diffused and disciplined forces.

Even under the most favourable circumstances a guerilla warfare by a nation of slave-owners must have unusual difficulties. The slaves cannot be relied on as a native peasantry can be relied on. It is said that Sherman on his march through Georgia always had good information regularly brought by negroes. We do not vouch for this as a fact, but it illustrates our meaning as an example. It is impossible that the existence of a slave class, which is not a part of the nation, which requires to be kept down by the nation, should not always be an impediment to the rising of the nation; and especially so in this case, when the invading army proclaims liberty to those slaves. We cannot expect a protracted guerilla resistance from a nation which has neither an inaccessible territory, nor a regular army, nor an attached peasant population.

But if the Confederacy cannot long defend itself, if the civil war must soon come to an end, what will be its effect on us? The war itself disturbed us much in its origin and much by its continuance; will it also disturb us much by its cessation?

It is undeniable that the fall of Richmond, such as we have ascertained it to be, would have been of disastrous consequences to several branches of English commerce if it had happened six months ago. When cotton and its substitutes were weakly held at extravagant prices, the sudden occurrence of so great a catastrophe must have caused of itself many failures. So many slow and steady agencies all tending to produce a fall of price were then operating, that the addition of a single one of a striking nature might have produced lamentable results. A great panic in one class of articles would in a sensitive state of the commercial world have produced a semi-panic in other articles. But *now* the case is different. Prices have greatly fallen. Whether they may have reached their lowest point exactly may be argued, but they have fallen so low that no great further drop is possible or likely. Many weak holders have been cleared away, and the nominal price in consequence is firmer and more real than the nominal price of six months since. The peculiar circumstances affecting cotton, we explained in an elaborate article last week. We showed that even on the assumption that "the civil war in America must be near its close," there was no ground for thinking that cotton would experience a further fall, but rather a probability that the present fall had been too great and too sudden to be permanent. In fact, as so often happens, the effect of the defeat of the South has been *discounted*; the result of the expectation has been as great, if not greater, than the result of the event.

There is another circumstance of great importance. The world is getting "short of clothes," and especially of good clothes. When the war broke out great stores of cotton goods were found to be lying in warehouses at Manchester and elsewhere, and many persons were eager to raise the common cry of over-production; they fancied there was something anomalous and out of place in so vast an accumulation. But Mr. Cobden, with that *real* perception of the facts of commerce which characterized his mind, immediately said "No, there is no unnecessary accumulation, except in one or two particular markets, as India and China, and in other exceptional cases; we have not more goods on hand than we ought to have." In reality, a very considerable accumulation of stored manufactures is an attendant condition, an inevitable consequence, of the present vast and delicate division of labour. When everybody is working for everybody, everybody is injured by the mischances of everybody. An English middle class con-



sumer is fed and clothed by an immense multiplicity of laborers; their numbers are considerable, and they are of several kinds. If any one important species of these laborers is impeded, we risk the loss of some article of prime necessity. But we insure against it. We keep a stock of each durable article so considerable that we have much to last for a long time, even if the means of producing it have by some casualty suddenly stopped. Some people say the world ought always to have "two years' stock" of clothes on hand, and now we have nothing like it.

The effect of this will be very remarkable. When the American war broke out we had two years' stock on hand, and we lived on that till other sources of supply were opened and made effectual. The existence of that supply insured us then; its non-existence will insure us now. As we return to a usual and normal state of things, we shall tend to recur to our regular and habitual accumulation. We have not only now to clothe the world—we have to clothe it and something more. We have to make up our stock; to again create the guarantee fund, which shall insure us against any new calamities—against some deprivation of supply as sudden and as unlikely as an American civil war would have seemed five years ago. At that time any one who had prophesied the actual history of those five years would have been deemed a lunatic: our stored resources saved us then, and we must store them up again now to use them in like manner.

And this additional demand will gradually carry off an additional supply—especially if, as is likely, the clothes made with cheap material be better than the clothes made with dear material. There will be a capital demand for cotton and other goods, if once it is understood that the end is attained, that the bottom is reached, that the trader nearest the consumer—the small shopkeeper—had better supply himself at once. The small shops of the world are now only half supplied; if they at once take to supplying themselves, the demand will be great.

As far, therefore, as the producing power of America is concerned, we do not think its revival, even if it should occur very rapidly, would derange our market, or affect us except beneficially. Nor, as far as its consuming power is concerned, can we expect much from the conclusion of the war. Some sanguine persons fancy that we shall at once have a vast trade with the United States the moment they are reunited—the moment the war stops. But there is no ground for

so thinking either as respects the South or the North. Some additional trade with both, of course, there will be, but not enough to affect Lombard street—to alter the demand for the *capital* of England. First, as to the North, its tariff cripples to an incredible extent all commerce with it. It has been spending largely and recklessly. It has been borrowing largely and recklessly. It has been misusing its currency. The repentance after these errors will be a time of *strait* and difficulty and though under good management its splendid national resources are quite sufficient to cope with this difficulty, yet the difficulty is real and considerable. The *additional* immediate trade which we shall have with the North will not be of the first magnitude—will not affect the money market.

Nor will the trade with the South. The South is disorganized, and must long be disorganized. What the fate of its peculiar civilization may be we cannot yet say, for there are no data, and any conclusion is only "one guess among many," one notion a little better perhaps than others, but without any solid ground of evidence. But so much is evident, that great changes are in store for the South,—that it must pass through a social revolution,—that during the revolution it will not buy *as* it used to buy,—that after the revolution tastes will have changed, and it will not buy *what* it used to buy.

On the whole, therefore, the conclusion is, that though the catastrophe of the American war seems likely to happen more suddenly and more strikingly than could have been expected, yet its principal effect will have been already anticipated, and it will have less influence on prices and transactions than many events of less considerable magnitude.

From the Manchester Examiner, April 19.

Let us listen first to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War. He belongs to the "thorough" school of politicians, a Republican and an Abolitionist to the backbone. His speech was a very religious speech, but that perhaps is not so much to our purpose, though it is fair to remark that it was utterly devoid of the extravagance which savours of insincerity. Nothing is more surprising than the "eminent piety" which has distinguished the leaders on both sides. General Lee's proclamations are often devout. President Davis sometimes discourses in his proclamations like a deacon at a prayer-meeting; while poor Stonewall Jackson reached the status of a saint. President Lincoln's inaugural was saturated with religious senti-

ment, conceived in the spirit of the old Puritans. As he pathetically remarked, both North and South read the same Bible and appeal to the same God. Hence there was nothing novel in the religious strain of Mr. Stanton's speech, but that which we have to remark in it is its subdued and moral tone, and, above all, its recognition of "duty" as the guide and goal of the nation.

"Let us," says Mr. Stanton, "humbly offer our thanks to Divine Providence for his care over us, and beseech him to guide and govern us in our duties hereafter, as He has carried us forward to victory, to teach us how to be humble in the midst of triumph, how to be just in the hour of victory, and to help us to secure the foundations of this Republic, soaked as they have been in blood, so that it shall live for ever and ever." The Secretary of War shows no desire to magnify his office. It has been his business to forge the thunderbolts, but he is only too glad to be able to relinquish the painful task. Not a word of anger escapes his lips, not a single threat of retribution to the South, nor a syllable of retort or menace to foreign Powers. He does, indeed, refer to foreign countries; but it is to recognize the friendship they have shown for the Federal cause. "Let us not forget the labouring millions in other lands, who have given us their sympathies, their aid, and their prayers; and let us bid them rejoice with us in our great triumph. Then, having done this, let us trust the future to Him who will guide us according to His own good will."

The first flush of victory was a critical moment for Mr. Seward. He is regarded by many as the very soul of mischief—the secret abettor and instigator of all that is sinister and menacing in the diplomacy of the United States. Those who like him least believe that the peaceful professions of the last four years were merely a sacrifice to the exigencies of the moment, and that it is his fixed determination to avenge the slights and insults which have been offered to his country since the outbreak of the war, by picking a quarrel on the first opportunity. In the dark days of the Union, under the irritation produced by successive defeats, Mr. Seward said many foolish things. Perhaps, on the whole, the wonder is that he kept his temper so well; but, nevertheless, some of his expressions have been treasured up as the auguries of coming trouble. Well, what has Mr. Seward to say now that Richmond is fallen, and he can see to the end of the "rebellion"? He is moderate, amiable, even facetious. He evinces no passion, no

remembered grudges, no desire to retaliate or threaten. At the same time his mind is full of foreign affairs. He is about writing his foreign despatches to the Emperor of China, the Sultan of Turkey, the Emperor of the French, "Lord John Russell," and the rest of them. What shall he say to them? The *Times'* correspondent sees a "slap" at England in Mr. Seward's banter about the Emperor of China. The correspondent was soured by the fall of Richmond, or he would not have seen a "slap" in a *jeu d'esprit*. When Mr. Seward demanded what he should say to the Emperor of the French, somebody cried out, "To go out of Mexico." Here was a tempting challenge, but Mr. Seward declined the bait. All he proposed to tell Louis Napoleon was, that he might go to Richmond and get his tobacco, if the "rebels" had not smoked it all up. This was a joke, but it was civil. "As for Earl Russell," says Mr. Seward, "I need not tell him that this is a war for freedom and national independence, and the rights of human nature, and not a war for empire, and that if Great Britain will only be just to the United States, Canada will be undisturbed by us so long as she prefers the authority of the noble Queen to voluntary incorporation with the United States." The *Times'* correspondent professes to give the characteristic passages of Mr. Seward's speech, but he stops short of the very significant sentence with which it concludes. "Finally, if the American people approve, I will say that our motto in peace shall be the same as our text has been while in war. Every nation is entitled to regulate its own domestic affairs in its own way, and all are bound to conduct themselves so as to promote peace on earth and good-will to all mankind."

Let us now turn to a couple of black sheep, Vice-President Johnson and Major-General Butler, who addressed a large audience later in the day from the steps of Willard's Hotel. We are compelled for the third time to refer to the *Times'* correspondent, who has most shamefully misrepresented what Mr. Johnson said. At the close of his letter, he affects to sum up, in a mock judicial style, all the evidence he has been able to discover which can throw light upon the present temper of the people, and professes himself "compelled to say that, to the best of my judgment, the prevalent feeling is not one of thankfulness at the prospect of peace, but of exultation at the strength the North has exhibited." Hereupon, sundry illustrations of this unseemly temper are given, and among them the following: "The

Vice-President, who has recovered the power of speech, if not of reasoning, talks of hanging the Southern President 'twenty times as high as Haman,' and of condignly punishing all other traitors both great and small." Of course we infer that poor Johnson is a bloodthirsty fellow, and that his character is all of a piece. It will be observed how adroitly the hanging business is introduced as something "talked of." Well, the statement is literally true, but the impression conveyed is wholly false. What Mr. Johnson said was that "when the Southern States were talking treason," that is five years ago, "he told them to their faces in the Senate Chamber that if he were President Buchanan he would arrest the whole of them, and, obtaining a verdict, he would, as General Jackson would have done, hang them as high as Haman for treason." For some reason or other, the writer makes no reference to General Butler's speech, though the general is, above all others, a representative man. The truth is it was impossible to quote his speech at all without completely disproving the accuracy of the impression which the writer was anxious to convey to English readers. General Butler is a man of sternest mould, and of a type of character which occasionally borders on truculency. Certain it is that from his lips we might expect to hear the very worst that the American people contemplate in the way of vengeance. Well, how does he propose to treat the South? What is the punishment which he would mete out to the leaders of secession? General Butler says, "In the hour of triumph let us remember that the deluded masses of the South are, and must be, a portion of our countrymen and ourselves. But let us also pledge ourselves that the leaders of the rebellion, who have cost the country all this blood and treasure, shall never hereafter have any political privileges, or power again to tear down the glorious flag which waves over us;" that is, General Butler would simply disfranchise Jefferson Davis and his colleagues, and disqualify them for holding any office in the state, a penalty no worse than we used to impose upon people convicted of bribery! So much for the bloodthirstiness of the North in the hour of victory; so much for the arrogance and ambition, the high-handed pretensions and sinister threats which were to burst into full flower the moment Mr. Seward saw the Confederacy at its last gasp. Mr. Seward and the whole North believe they see this to-day, and the result is a higher degree of moderation and hu-

manity towards the South, as well as of self-restraint and friendship towards foreign powers, than has ever been displayed since the war began.

From the Index.

Overmatched as the Confederacy is in numbers and resources, it is only by mobilizing its armies, and giving them, so to speak, ubiquity, that it can hope in some degree to equalize the contest; and in the happy combination of audacity and prudence, which this mode of warfare requires, General Lee has proved himself to have no living superior. He has a military chest of about \$3,000,000 in gold, furnished by the Richmond banks, and with this he can assuredly do in a loyal country what even an enemy boasts of having done, and, at all events, the subsistence of his army must be less difficult than in a beleagured city. Nor need we have any uneasiness about his arsenals and stores. The Confederate armies are at present better equipped than during the first three years of the war, and, with the exception of heavy artillery, which is now no longer needed, have always looked to the enemy's well-provided trains as their chief source of supplies.

When the curtain again rises it will be upon that second stage of the war which we have of late constantly foreshadowed in these columns—a stage upon which we look hopefully because it gives the Confederates, for the first time, the full benefit of their vast territory, scattered population, and fertile soil, all of which have heretofore served the enemy more than themselves; and it inaugurates tactics of all others best adapted to their genius and least to that of their adversary. A loss of prestige in the eyes of Europe there unquestionably is in entering on this second stage of the war, but that prestige has proved barren, and has already been too dearly bought. Heretofore the war has been conducted as between two great rival Powers, appealing on equal terms to the arbitration of arms in some quarrel for a frontier or a right; but now, after an experience so anomalous that no human foresight could have anticipated it, it is more than questionable whether it would not have been wiser if this second stage had been made the first; if the formation of a permanent Constitution, and the cumbersome machinery of a firmly-seated Government had been postponed until the return of peace, and if the war had been waged more in accordance with the necessities of the country than with the formalities of a rank among nations which has not been recognized.

From the Saturday Review, 22d April.

The Northern Americans naturally rejoice in the success which has been so anxiously desired, and so long delayed. With the exception of passionate partisans, foreigners will view with a certain regret the failure of an heroic resistance. It had for some time seemed impossible that Richmond could be any longer defended, but, as long as a prudent and skillful commander thought fit to maintain his position, it was proper to assume that he had sufficient reason for rejecting or postponing the project of a retreat. The importance of the Federal victory is measured by the efforts which were used to avert the inevitable result. The evacuation of Richmond probably became necessary after the failure of General LEE's attack on the enemy's communications with City Point. Having assured himself of the safety of his own lines, General GRANT concentrated an overwhelming force on the South bank of the river, and in the last days of March he commenced the forward movement which has ended in a decisive triumph. It is not known how far LEE had been compelled to weaken his force for the purpose of enabling JOHNSTON to check SHERMAN's advance. In all probability, the Confederate army was greatly outnumbered, but in the first day's battle it obtained considerable advantages. On the 1st of April, SHERIDAN finally turned LEE's left wing, and, by occupying the Southside railway, he rendered the further defence of Petersburg impossible. In the course of the same night the place was evacuated, and on the following day General WEITZEL, commanding on the left bank of the river, found that Richmond itself was no longer defended. After suffering great losses in the battle and in the retreat, General LEE appears to be on his way to Lynchburg with that portion of his army which is still able and willing to sustain a failing cause. As no other mode of escape is likely to have presented itself, Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his Ministers probably accompany the retreat of the defeated army. The lofty courage which has redeemed many political and military mistakes will not be shaken by the frantic threats of the underbred drunkard whom the people of the United States have thought fit to elevate to the second office in their Republic. Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, whom an accident may at any moment invest with the authority of President, according to one report, celebrated the conquest of Richmond by assuring a bawling rabble that, if JEFFERSON DAVIS could be caught he ought to be hanged twenty times as high as HAMAN. In the

particular instance his language may perhaps have been misrepresented, but it is consistent with his character and habits of speech. Political theorists may well differ as to the merits of democratic institutions which favour the vigorous prosecution of great enterprises, but at the same time raise the lowest and most worthless adventurers through notoriety into power. The great material strength and the intoxicating military success of a community which seems, through its press and by its elections, to disclaim all moral responsibility, are encouraging objects of contemplation. Mr. SEWARD has characteristically improved the occasion by announcing that, on certain unexpressed conditions, his Government will not perpetrate the profligate outrage of invading Canada. It would, indeed, have been surprising if the occupation of Richmond had not been followed by fresh insults to England.

If the Confederate capital has fallen at last, it may boast that, in the whole history of war, no city has been purchased by a conqueror at so heavy a price. NAPOLEON took Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow each in a single campaign, and when the scale of fortune was turned, the Allies entered Paris in two successive years. Sebastopol resisted the English and French armies for thirteen or fourteen months, and four or five battles were fought in the hope of raising the siege. For nearly four years Richmond has been the main object of the Federal attacks, and probably three-quarters of a million of men have at different times been employed in attempting its conquest. After Bull Run had taught the Federal Government the deficiencies of the existing military organization, MCLELLAN commanded more than 200,000 men on the Potomac; and he landed more than half the number in the Virginian peninsula, while his lieutenant and colleagues defended the approaches of Washington. The Federal losses in the disastrous campaign of the Chickahominy, and in the subsequent defeats of POPE, were variously estimated from 50,000 to 100,000 men. Before the close of the year, BURNSIDE sacrificed 15,000 or 20,000 men in his wild attack on the heights of Fredericksburg, and in the spring of 1863 LEE defeated HOOKER with probably equal loss at Chancellorsville. The costly Federal victory of Gettysburg was included in the same campaign, and it was not till the early summer of 1864 that GRANT commenced his final advance upon Richmond. The casualties of his army during the march through Virginia were regarded as extraordinary, even in the present war; and the battles of the last twelve months, in



the Shenandoah and in the neighborhood of Petersburg, have added largely to the record of bloodshed. The closing victory was cheaply purchased by the expenditure of 7,000 men, in addition to 2,000 who were lost a few days before in repelling LEE's attack. Whatever may have been the services of other Confederate States, the obstinate resolution of holding Richmond was principally dictated by Virginian patriotism and pride. The people of that State must have borne the principal pressure of the war, and they have contributed more than their share to the replenishment of the army. The gallantry of Virginia is the more remarkable as the State was no party to the original secession, having only chosen its side when Mr. LINCOLN declared war, after the capture of Fort Sumter. General LEE himself took the command of the Confederate army only under a sense of duty to his State, and it may be doubted whether he will approve the prosecution of the struggle when he has no longer the privilege of fighting for the freedom of his native soil. Whatever may be his decision, it will be dictated by the unsullied honour of a gentleman and soldier. His character will not fail to be respected by the hostile commanders who have at last fairly profited by their superior resources. GRANT and SHERMAN will despise the cowardly invectives which may find suitable organs in the JOHNSONS and BROWNS whom universal suffrage delights to honour. When the *New-York Times* devoted a column several months ago to the statement that General LEE was a liar as well as a traitor, the taste even of the Republican party prevented the imitation or the repetition of the libel.

It is difficult to judge whether the war will be continued, but it seems scarcely possible that the Confederates should for the present meet their adversaries in a regular campaign. As JOHNSTON was undoubtedly aware of the probable evacuation of Richmond, he must have formed some plan for effecting a junction with LEE in Tennessee, or in Western Virginia. On the other hand, SHERMAN has lately returned to his army after concerting measures with GRANT, and it cannot be doubted that his share in the combined operations would consist in a vigorous attack on his immediate opponent. The Federal army had enjoyed an interval of rest at Goldsborough, and the junction with SCHOFIELD must have more than supplied any losses which may have occurred during the march from Savannah. At Goldsborough SHERMAN was in communication with the coast, and he may perhaps have received

additional reinforcements. As the greater part of GRANT's army will henceforth be available in any quarter where its services may be required, it would seem that JOHNSTON's only chance of safety lies in a rapid retreat.

If the Confederacy had been as homogeneous as a European monarchy, it would probably have been prudent, from the early part of the war, to have profited by the remote distances of the interior to pursue an exclusively defensive strategy. The armies which have been crippled or destroyed in Tennessee and Mississippi might, if they were still in existence, render LEE once more a match for the conquerors of Richmond. The Confederate Government, however, could not afford voluntarily to abandon any portion of its territory, and the prolonged defence of Richmond almost justifies a policy which might otherwise have seemed hazardous. The interior of the country to the east of the River Mississippi has now been traversed in every direction by Northern armies, and nearly all the more important towns have passed into the possession of the invader. Texas, indeed, is for the present independent, and it would hold ten times the whole Confederate population; but in modern times nations are not in the habit of migrating like old German or Scandinavian tribes. The terms of submission would be easy, except to those whose property consists in shares, and to the earnest and unconquerable patriots who, even among the noblest races, necessarily form a minority. Wherever Federal occupation extends, the dregs and the scum of the people will welcome the conquerors, and unsuspected love of the Union will be discovered as soon as it is found to be identical with impunity and ease. It will be necessary, for the present, to tolerate the supremacy of the Republican faith; but even in Tennessee the majority will probably hereafter be able to displace its oppressors. On the whole, the chances are in favour of an early restoration of peace. Traders in all parts of the world will anxiously watch the prospects of cotton cultivation, and philanthropists of different sects will have the opportunity of studying the effects of universal emancipation on the negroes. The process in which foreigners are most immediately interested will be the more or less complete absorption of the disbanded soldiery in the pursuits of industry. If American writers and orators are to be believed, the first result of peace will be some external war, voluntary undertaken for purposes of revenge or ambition. It is fortunately permissible to doubt both the



sincerity and the foresight of those who make it their business to gratify popular vanity. High wages and large profits will compete effectually with the love of military glory, especially as the national appetite for boasting is provided with abundant sustenance to last through the present generation. If there are any honest statesmen in the United States, they will be concerned to prove that the triumph of the Federal arms is not an unmixed misfortune to mankind.

From the Press, 22d April.

The tidings from the Confederate States are fraught with disaster. Richmond, henceforth proudly to be ranked among the cities famous in all time for the heroism of its men and the brave endurance of its women, has at last, at the expiration of four long years, succumbed to the more numerous hosts of its assailants. The combined attack of three armies, with intercommunications established with each other, each probably equalling if not exceeding in number the foes opposed to it, has eventually triumphed, and the capital of the Southern States is in the possession of the Northern soldiery. The event has taken no one by surprise. It ensued rather as the result of the pre-conceived policy of Gen. LEE, than as a measure rendered necessary by the onslaught of General GRANT and his associates. The immediate consequences of this abandonment of the Southern capital cannot yet be foreseen. If the prevalent rumours of the renewed defeat of the retreating armies prove to be well founded, the evacuation of Richmond may be the precursor of accumulated sufferings to the forces of the South. On the other hand, should General LEE succeed in obtaining shelter in the mountain fastnesses of the interior, he may yet maintain an effectual resistance and prolong the struggle with his opponents. He possesses a master mind, and may devise means for the continuance of the struggle which may tend much to diminish the present exultation of the victors. His prospects may be gloomy and disheartening, yet the accounts transmitted from hostile sources of information may be found to exceed the reality.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.

The voices of the North, as was to be expected, have thundered out one prolonged and exultant chorus of *Io Triumphe!* With their psalms of rejoicing at their long-de-

layed victory threats of vengeance upon England have already mingled. Their Foreign Secretary, Mr. SEWARD, in addressing the crowd at Washington, must pander to the passions of his auditors, and indulge in a clap-trap stroke for popularity at the expense of England. By praising other potentates for a course of policy opposite to that pursued by our own Government, he can, under the flimsiest of all disguises, deal a back-handed blow against ourselves. Warming as he proceeds, he concludes his address by telling Earl RUSSELL, in language half of menace and half of unmeaning rhodomontade, "that this is a war for freedom, for the rights of man and for union, not a war for empire, and therefore if he is only just and right in his treatment towards the United States, Canada is safe as long as she prefers the Queen of ENGLAND for her Sovereign to an union with the United States of America." It is only right to mention one act of female self-devotion which shines out conspicuous on this occasion. The wife of General LEE, in a true spirit of womanly heroism, remains in the beleaguered city in the hope of relieving the sufferings of her fellow-citizens, and of moderating the animosity of the conquerors. The siege, defence, and fall of Richmond, when related in all its details by the pen of some future ALISON or MACAULAY, will take its place in history as the most prominent event of the nineteenth century.

From the London Review, 22d April.

For hopeless any other stand must be. It is of no use attempting to conceal that fact from ourselves. Had Lee retreated with an unbroken army to the hilly districts of Virginia, he might have carried on the war for some time; but, as it is, he can do nothing. We may as well at once make our minds to the speedy restoration of federal rule over the whole of the former United States. We once had an opportunity of creating a balance of power on the American continent: we might have gained for England a grateful, faithful and powerful ally in the Southern Confederacy. We might even have done so without any risk; because, if we had acted in combination with France when she requested our co-operation, the North must have acquiesced in any terms of peace which the western nations had chosen to impose. Considerations of humanity and of interest alike impelled us to intervene. For we might have stayed a devastating war and have secured

once for all, the safety of our Canadian possessions. Unfortunately these are not the days of far-seeing statesmanship.

\* \* \* One poor consolation will remain to us. We have constantly pointed out that the conquest of the South was fraught with the most imminent danger to this country. And whatever may happen in that day of Northern insolence and power which is fast approaching, we at least shall be able to reflect with satisfaction, that it is no fault of ours if those who have long had the will, should be found in possession of the power, to insult and injure England.

From the Newcastle Chronicle (Working Men).

Richmond has fallen. The main army of the slaveholders is flying before the victorious legions of the republic. Davis and the desperate band of reckless, resolute and unscrupulous rebels are fugitives. Their luring effort to destroy the government founded by Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, and their noble coadjutors, have signally failed; and every sincere and intelligent sympathizer with freedom the world over will rejoice at their defeat. Never since the news of the destruction of the Bastille reached this country has more glorious tidings been published than that of the fall of the slave-breeders' capital. The storming of the hated French prison marked an epoch in the history of the grand struggle for political freedom initiated in Paris, and the fall of the chief city of the American man-stealers will mark an era in that great social conflict upon which the civilized world has entered.

#### THE FRENCH PRESS.

(*Le Temps* — Paris: Liberal, April 16.)

The decisive news from the United States will mark one of the most important dates in the nineteenth century and in all history. It is impossible to exaggerate its importance. It is not only the probable speedy end of a war, the duration and ravages of which afflict humanity, and the remote effects of which have been so painfully felt by Europe; it is not only the happy, although dearly bought extirpation of slavery; it is a victory of incalculable import for the liberal interests of the whole world.

We may do ourselves the justice to say that we have never for a moment, not even at the most critical times, doubted the final

result. Not only, supposing the perseverance and spirit of self-sacrifice were equal on both sides, the resources of the North were very superior and almost inexhaustible, but the faith we have in the destinies of humanity told us that the work of Washington would not perish, and that the great American republic would come out triumphant from this trial. It deserved this trial, as it had tolerated slavery, but if history has any sense, and is anything but the play of blind forces, it must come out victorious. God forbid we should insult the vanquished! They have defended with heroism, and with all their heart and blood a cause they thought lawful. But they were mistaken: they were unjust. We must respect their tragical misfortune, we must pity them; but we must also rejoice at their defeat, for their victory would have been a disaster for humanity.

The United States will come through this crisis, not weakened and diminished, but tempered and greater, with a debt such as they never thought of, but which they will support legally, and with a new consciousness of their greatness and solidity. They have expended forces, and even been wasteful of resources in such a way as history has never seen; they have carried on peaceful works in the midst of a frightful war; their institutions, said to be so brittle, have not suffered, and they in the end found great and victorious generals who have saved the country without interfering with political liberties. Slavery is dead, the republic is standing, and civil war, instead of having ruined liberty, has served and strengthened it. Such results are new in history, and great and happy is the nation which has been able to introduce them into it.

(*Le Journal des Débats* — Paris: Orleanist-Fusionist, April 16.)

We have received a telegram from New York, the full importance of which will be felt by our readers without our dwelling on it. The Federals, under the command of Grant, have seized Richmond, the capital of the Southern Confederation. We who have never doubted the final success of the Federal cause, will avoid the enthusiasm which will probably be displayed by a certain number of journals, the improvised friends of the North, those perhaps, who counselled us four years ago to recognize the South. We have no particulars as yet as to the movements which obliged the Confederates to abandon their capital; and this information is indispensable to reply to the question which is being put at this moment through-

out Europe: Can the American war be considered as over? The Confederate army has suffered a disastrous defeat; but as long as it is on foot, as long as the soldiers of Lee hold together, the struggle will still be possible. However, notwithstanding the brevity of the despatches from New York, and that we must make allowance for the natural exaggeration of the conquerors, if it be true that entire brigades of the Confederates have disappeared, if it be true that the army of the South has abandoned hundreds of cannon, and that its retreat is gravely endangered, we may certainly think that we now see the commencement of the end.

Thus will finish, after four years of struggle, one of the most cruel and deplorable wars of modern times — to speak with respect not to the effects (as the necessary consequence will be the extinction of slavery) but with respect to the immediate causes. The obstinacy and haughty avidity of some few men have let loose this scourge on the American continent. It will be those blind, ill-advised men, from the point of view of their own interests, who will bear the responsibility of the blood which has been shed. Instead of accepting a social transformation which had become inevitable, instead of making a compromise and accepting good conditions, they preferred referring the matter to the sword, and the sword has answered. For our part, notwithstanding the real satisfaction we experience at the triumph of the North, we cannot forget the many cruel ills brought on a people which has at all times been the ally of France — so much public disaster, so much private sorrow. But as the crisis was to come with violence instead of being averted by wisdom and moderation, we are glad it has not been fruitless, and that the salutary example has been given to the world of the agreement of power and legality.

#### THE GERMAN PRESS.

(From *Die Neue Frie Presse* — Vienna: Liberal, April 16.)

The Liverpool telegraph could not bring us any more joyful holiday intelligence than the great news that the most formidable and last bulwark of the Southern Confederation has at last been taken. Since the 3d inst. the starry banner has waved from the steeples of Petersburg and Richmond. The brave but unfortunate Lee is retreating with the ruins of his beaten and annihilated

army, to be beaten at another place. Jefferson Davis, who but a few weeks ago boasted that as yet nothing was lost, is flying with his government, and, bleeding and trampled on the ground, secession is laid in the dust. It is possible that Hood, Johnston and Hardee, the generals of the South still in the field, will venture on making a few desperate struggles. Sherman and Sheridan will soon, however, finish with them, and perhaps even within a few days we shall receive the news that Jefferson Davis, that great criminal, has carried his head, which totters on his shoulders now, to England.

We call this Jefferson Davis a great criminal, not because he was the chief instigator, leader, and President of the Southern Confederation, not because he upheld the detestable principle of slavery, not because he defended a bad, worthless cause, with undeniable talent and persistency worthy of a better object, but because, after the South had lost its ports, and possessed nothing but Richmond, Wilmington, and Mobile, after defeat was certain, he rejected with haughty pride the hand which the North offered to the Richmond Government at the beginning of the last campaign of annihilation.

It is at an end this monstrous war, which pressed on Europe's trade and industry like an incubus, and after a long series of years we have again to record a fearfully bloody but complete victory of a just and noble cause. The stain of slavery is forever removed from the North American continent.

And let no one imagine that their work of vengeance will begin on the still reeking battlefields. As the war has been carried on for four years without the freedom of the press, the right of holding meetings, or personal liberty being interfered with, so it will end without reprisals being taken on the vanquished, or their European accomplices. . . . What many expected, and what we never feared, that the Americans after conquering the secession, would call England to account, there is no reason for believing from the intelligence from Washington. Satisfaction and compensation for the losses which England's Southern sympathies have caused the Union will be demanded; and we believe that we may assert that the representative of the American Government in London has already sent an account in to Earl Russell amounting to a hundred thousand (German money). . . . An Anglo-American war would have much worse effects for our continent than the American crisis, and be much more frightful, not to speak of the fact that freedom could not but lose by the two freest states in the world

tearing each other to pieces. We can therefore only hail with satisfaction the declaration of the American Secretary of State, Seward, that the Washington Government will follow a policy of non-intervention both with respect to Canada and Mexico. The naval power of America, whom this war has made so fearfully conscious of her resources, will be felt quite enough without any declaration of war against France and England; and in particular the re-entrance of this important agent into the transaction of the affairs of the world will put a bridle on the policy of the Tuileries which can only be accompanied by the best results for the preservation of European peace.

From the Spectator, April 22.

#### THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND.

ELEVEN months of hard, unflinching, incessant warfare, waged upon a field extending from the Potomac to the Mississippi, from the ocean to the central mountain ranges of the eastern half of the North American continent, have been required to wrest the capital of the once formidable Confederacy of the Slave States out of the hands of the slaveowners. The operations of those eleven months we may call collectively the siege of Richmond, for the capture of Richmond and the defeat of the armies defending it—defending it in Georgia and the Carolinas, as well as in Virginia—were the motives which governed the conduct of the Federal Generals; and if the object in view has been attained more speedily than the Federal Generals could have anticipated, we must attribute that to Grant's superb tenacity and readiness to seize occasion, and Sherman's fine military insight, which enabled him to see, and his high courage, which enabled him to profit by the huge blunders of his adversaries. It is the wonderful unity—a unity rarely attained by separate armies in war upon so grand a scale—of the operations of 1864-65, constituting them one campaign, which, when they are properly described, will make them of perennial interest not only to military and historical students, but to general readers. Intrinsically the operations of this year are worthy of the closest attention of professional soldiers, while the profound tragedy of the contest imparts to its incidents a force of attraction wider, deeper, and more powerful than that which they exert as illustrations of the art of war. We have here to deal with the military as-

pect, and sketch its broad outlines, and make the reader see them as we see them—if we can.

In the spring of 1864 the Federals had only established themselves in the fringe of the Confederate Slave States east of the Mississippi. Nowhere in Virginia were they more than three marches from Washington. They were masters of the strategic points of Tennessee, they prevailed throughout the course of the Father of Waters, but on the Atlantic coast, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston and Wilmington defied them. A swarm of gunboats, monitors, and larger ships cruised painfully to and fro, but were unable to prevent daring sailors in swift craft from entering and quitting at least two ports. A network of railways, as yet unbroken, radiated from Richmond, ran north-west as far as Staunton, with a branch from Gordonsville to Lynchburg, ran south-west by Danville to Augusta, Macon, Selma, Mobile, ran south-east and south by Weldon through Wilmington to Charleston, Savannah, and Florida, while a line from Charleston to Augusta, and a line from Wilmington to Greensboro' through Raleigh, and a line from Savannah through Atlanta towards the Tennessee, and from Augusta through Atlanta to the mighty Alabama, connected State with State, and the whole with the capital. Upon the entirety of this railway system the safety of the Confederacy depended. No wagon transport could feed the armies and keep up stores of ammunition, because the distances were so great that the whole South could not have supplied animals in numbers sufficient to do the work. This could only be done by the locomotive, the canal barges, and the river steamers. An army, as Sherman discovered by experiment, could live upon the country so long as it was on the move, but when it halted in a defensive position it must have a railroad or a river to feed it, go, or die. The railways were at once the great element of the strength and the great element of the weakness of the South. They were the strength, because they made the armed men in a sparsely-peopled and half-cultivated country available on its frontiers; they were the weakness, because if broken the armed men would be no longer available as they had been before. In former years the Federal Government employed separate commanders, but now they adopted the wise plan of appointing a military dictator. They selected General Grant to direct the whole of the military operations, and the result has amply justified the choice. Grant decided that there should be only two great lines of operation and two great



armies, and that all partial attacks should cease. He determined to assail the railways of Virginia and Georgia, — of Virginia, because there stood the capital of the Confederacy; of Georgia, because in the heart of that State lay the nexus of the railway lines, and because possession of that nexus opened the plains to the Federal troops. Therefore he concentrated a great army in Virginia under his own hand, and he united the three armies of the south-west, armies which he himself had led to victory, and entrusted them to Sherman, his ablest lieutenant. It is these armies which have destroyed the Confederacy by defeating its soldiers and capturing its capital. Much they have owed to superiority of numbers and resources, much they have been favored by fortune; but the chief cause of their success is to be found in the skill of their leaders, who have known when to strike and when to wait and above all how to make a great blunder on the part of the adversary an irreparable calamity. General Grant designed to strike across the Virginian railways, isolate, and capture Richmond. His main army was massed on the North bank of the Rapidan, but his wings, each separate columns, each supposed to be strong enough to take care of itself, were at Harper's Ferry and Fortress Monroe. The right column was to fight its way to Staunton and march on Lynchburg, the left was to ascend the James and surprise the southern approaches to Richmond, while the main body crossing the Rapidan was to fight Lee, defeat him, and marching on the James cross it above Richmond, and thus secure its fall. It was Lee's business to frustrate this scheme, and well he did it. Lee was encamped on the road to Lynchburg and on the flank of the direct road to Richmond, and when Grant suddenly crossed the Rapidan last May, before he could completely array his immense army, Lee sprang upon him like a panther, thrust him into the depths of the Wilderness, gained time and opportunity to march across his front, and re-appear at Spottsylvania, barring the road to the Confederate capital. Grant, undismayed by this rough collision, closed in turn with his stout adversary, sustaining and inflicting great losses, losses he could bear better than his foe. But when he found that he could not burst through ramparts formed of fallen trees, Grant swept round the right flank of Lee, and Lee, not to be outdone, fell back upon the angle between the North and South Anna rivers. Here he was too strong to be attacked in front; once more the Federals circled round the right flank, and once more Lee on the

shorter line was the first to reach the Chickahominy. In the mean time the Federal left army, under Butler, had surprised City Point, but had failed to seize Petersburg, and had been driven to intrench itself at Bermuda Hundred. Grant again tried force against Lee, who swiftly hurled him back, and then Grant, still resolute to "fight it out on that line," cleverly marched round Lee for the third time, and crossing the James appeared before Petersburg, but failed to snatch it. Lee, marching by the chord of the arc, took post in and about Petersburg, where he covered Richmond and its arterial railways. Now was the time to try the stamina of Grant. His plan had failed, his able foe had refused to be put off the roads to Richmond; there he stood as hardily as ever. But though the letter of the plan had failed, in the spirit it had succeeded, for Grant had planted himself impregnable close to the great Confederate lines of communication, and there he resolved to remain; that advantage he resolved to improve. When Hunter's unsoldierlike advance upon Lynchburg left the valley undefended, and when Early, rushing out of it, careered through Maryland, and insulted Baltimore and Washington, Grant rightly estimated the peril, and, not a whit frightened, supplied a prompt reinforcement, and again selected the right man, Sheridan, to defend the valley road to the rear of Washington. Moreover, he took and kept the Weldon Railroad, and thus reduced the Confederate communications to two — the road to Lynchburg and the road to Danville, which intersected each other at Burkesville junction. The Confederacy was wounded, but not mortally.

The other grand army, that in the hands of Sherman, moved out of Chattanooga when Grant crossed the Rapidan. Its direct line of advance was the railway which winds through the mountains of northern Georgia, and, crossing the Chattahoochee, emerges in the plains. Along this line, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, Sherman directed his columns, flanking Johnston out of mountain strongholds, forcing him back over rivers, pressing on ever deeper and deeper into Georgia, until he crossed the Chattahoochee, and by a most skilful and decisive flank movement cut the Confederate Army in two and won Atlanta, the prize of a strenuous campaign. And while he had preserved with jealous care his own railway communications with Chattanooga, he had broken up the lines converging in Atlanta from the east, west, and south. Now came the real crisis in the



war. The Confederate President made a false move, Sherman fixed it by one of those great and unexpected strokes which are the outward signs of true military genius. Mr. Davis thought that Sherman was an ordinary general, who would tremble and fly if his line of retreat were threatened. Mr. Davis directed Hood to throw himself upon that line of retreat, and sent Beauregard to help him. The stroke was made between Atlanta and Chattanooga; it failed, and Hood was forced to retreat into Northern Alabama, followed by his foe. Hood ought now to have returned sharply towards Atlanta, but—"Quem Deus"—instead of doing so he resolved to invade Tennessee. The blunder was flagrant, for Sherman, seeing the whole of Georgia at his mercy, resolved to profit by it, and marching to Savannah, destroying all the railways in his passage, to find a road to the sea, and bring his army through the heart of the Slave States to aid in the capture of Richmond. How that was done our readers know, and there are few, very few, finer things in the whole range of military history. Hood's army for months counted for nothing in the contest, and never recovered the crushing blow it received at Nashville just as Sherman found himself on the deck of one of Foster's gunboats. General Grant could not have anticipated that Sherman would be on the Atlantic coast so early as December, 1864, but having him there, he made instant use of him. As he had swept over and destroyed the Georgian railways, so Sherman, striking at the centre of the long and weak Confederate line, swept over and tore up the railways of South Carolina, forcing his foes upon divergent roads, and compelling them to yield up Charleston without a blow. At the same time part of the army which had defeated Hood at Nashville also arrived on the Atlantic coast, and completed the conquest of Wilmington, began when Porter and Terry won the works at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Then Sherman once more set his troops in motion for the North, and marched almost unopposed by Cheraw to Fayetteville. For the first time since he quitted Atlanta he found a Confederate army at length prepared to dispute his path, but he brushed them aside with half his army, and joined at Goldsboro' the troops which had arrived there both by land and sea from Wilmington. Nor was the arrival of Sherman on the Neuse the only sign of Confederate weakness. Sheridan, so often victorious in the Shenandoah valley, had dashed up it at the head of his effective horsemen, crushing Early, crossing the Blue

Ridge, tearing up the railways nearly to Lynchburg, breaking the locks on the James River canal, and riding unopposed to White House on the Pamunkey, and thence into Grant's camp on the James.

The crisis was now at hand. There was no armed force on foot of any moment throughout the Confederacy, except the garrison in Richmond and the weak army of Johnston in North Carolina, and of the extensive interior railway system naught remained intact except a part of the lines between the James and the Congaree. Lee felt, had long felt, his danger in all its fullness. His foes had gathered in council at City Point, for Sherman had come up in person from Goldsboro' and Mr. Lincoln from Washington. To anticipate the blow he saw about to fall, Lee made a desperate inroad upon Grant's lines, hoping to cut them in two and ruin the Federal army. Successful for a moment, he was soon repelled with heavy loss. Four days afterwards, on the 29th, Grant began his decisive movement. He marched out of his lines and flung his whole weight upon the Southside Railway, possession of which would give him Richmond. For three days, so strong were the Confederate lines, so valorous were their defenders, so densely wooded was the vast battle-ground, that the contest looked doubtful, but on the fourth day, April 1, Sheridan got well on the right flank of the Confederates, and by sheer fighting laid it flat and swept up the rear. Then the rest of the army made a combined attack, took redoubts and breastworks with the bayonet, and drove the Confederates over the Appomatox. This decided the fate of Petersburg and Richmond, which were abandoned by Lee in the night and occupied by the Federals in the morning, the first troops to enter Richmond being a coloured brigade.

Lee's only hope of escape lay in a swift march upon Burkeville junction, where he would have been in communication with Johnston and Lynchburg. But Grant now showed that he could pursue with as much vigour as he could fight. Moving himself with two corps along the Southside Railroad, he sent Meade with three corps and Sheridan's horse along the roads on his right directly upon Lee's line of retreat. Sheridan, whose perception of vital points is so keen, fastened upon Jetersville, a station on the Danville road, a few miles from Amelia Court-house, so that when Lee reached that town he found the road to Burkeville junction barred. Lee turned off to Painesville, seeking a circuitous path

to Lynchburg. Sheridan, learning this, urged Meade to exertion, and both directed their columns upon the road by which Lee must march. As he came up, Sheridan, with his own men and such infantry as he had in hand, fell fiercely on Lee's flank, and captured six generals, many guns, and thousands of prisoners. Had Meade been well up, Lee must there and then have been destroyed. Meade came up at the end of the fight, in time to quicken the rush of the fugitives over Sailor's Creek, an affluent of the Appomatox, five miles west of Burkesville junction. From this point, by flank movements, Lee was driven west of Farmville. There the news leaves them, Meade and Sheridan being close on the heels of Lee, Grant and Ord being between Lee and Johnston, while Hancock, with 30,000 men, was on the march from Winchester to Lynchburg—Lee's only line of retreat and place of refuge. It was this swift and well-directed pursuit of Lee, not less than the steady and skilful operations against his lines, that made this the decisive stroke of the war. The Confederacy is ruined from foundation to roof-tree, and is already a thing of the past.

If we have made ourselves understood, the reader will marvel with us at the astonishing skill with which the Federal Generals have used the immense forces placed in their hands; and if we are not mistaken, the military student will in future years turn again and again for instruction to the campaigns of 1864-65, which abound in examples of the art of making war under the new conditions—railways, torpedoes, telegraphs, earthworks, rifled cannon—and which have given a mortal blow to the once threatening Slave Power.

From the Athenæum.

*The New Testament. Illustrated by a Plain Explanatory Comment, and by Authentic Views of Places mentioned in the Sacred Text from Sketches and Photographs taken on the spot. Edited by E. Churton and W. R. Jones. 2 vols. (Murray.)*

THE noblest art, the keenest criticism, the amplest scholarship have all been lavished without stint on the sacred story; yet the glorious theme is so far from being exhausted by this splendid treatment, that we may safely assert, as a position capable of immediate proof, that the illustration of this story

has, for Europeans and Americans, only just commenced.

The gospel histories are peculiar even among histories. Setting aside for a moment (as not necessary to be considered in pure lay criticism, which treats a book only so far as it is a product of human effort) the great fact of their being inspired, the gospel narratives have this striking peculiarity—that while the scenery, the manners and customs, the politics, the popular opinions, and the current events, are all implied in the story,—influencing its progress, modifying its meaning, pointing its lessons,—the scenery, manners, opinions and events, are not described by the evangelists, to whom they were familiar as the light of day and the stars of night. A familiar knowledge of these aspects of nature, these conditions of men, now so dark to us of another race, another climate and another time, was quietly assumed. The assumption is a great misfortune to distant readers, like the Franks; but the assumption is a genuine fact, and we have no choice left us but to supply the deficiencies of our knowledge as best we may. It is useless to dream that we can do without this knowledge. Scenery and manners make the background on which the sacred history is limned. The great events of this history grow out of the common politics of the time,—out of the debates in Jewish schools, the conflicts in Roman councils; and its personal incidents are moulded by such things as the Flora and Fauna, the domestic architecture, the customs and habits of the country. There is probably no other book in literature in which common things have so much to do with the actual text, in which the reader's acquaintance with these common things is so completely taken on trust. The evangelists and apostles wrote for their countrymen and contemporaries. Most of their readers spoke Greek, nearly all of them knew something of Palestine. Matthew had no need to describe that Capernaum in which he lived; his fellows all knew the basaltic town, the Lord's own city; and he never dreamt that the knowledge of its site would be lost. John was too familiar with Cana to say whether it lay north or east of Sephoris. Luke was too much at home in Jerusalem to think of telling us whether Calvary stood near the Pool of Hezekiah or near the Pool of Bethesda; though a hint from his pen would have saved the Church from one of its fiercest discussions. These writers knew the localities too well, and we have now to supplement these hints with elaborate study of localities, if we would say

with any degree of certainty, This is Cana, this is Capernaum, this is Calvary.

It is the same with respect to current events, all of which the evangelists assume to be well known to their readers. In the first century of the Church of Jerusalem, such knowledge was general and sufficient for the purpose; as we find to our cost, when we attempt to realize the statements made in the text. Take, for example, the account given by St. Luke of the Galileans. This Scripture runs:—"There were present at that season some that told him of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices. And Jesus answering said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay; but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." St. Luke knew all about the Galileans, their opinions, their expectations, their unruly conduct, as we know all about the National party in Ireland, the democratic republicans in France, the anti-slavery party in America. But what do we know of these Galileans whose blood Pilate is said to have mixed with that of the sacrificial goats and lambs? How many of us could give a true account of these Galileans—of their leader, Judas of Gamala—of their differences with the Pharisees—of their tenets, their interpretations and their hopes—of their reliance on a physical Messiah and their confidence in his earthly kingdom—of their conflicts with the Roman power—and of their massacre in the Temple courts, during a time of sacrifice? Is it generally known that the Galileans were a sect, as well as a people—that they were the extreme party of Pharisees, known, in a little later time, as sikars, swordsmen and brigands? Yet, unless we possess some true knowledge of these things the lesson of the text will be lost upon us.

Here, then, we find an office for the illustrator; both the artistic and the literary illustrator; each of whom has a function to discharge. Let us take the artist first. A mighty corpus of illustration has sprung from the pencil, a small but choice selection from which has recently been made available to the English public by Lady Eastlake. The greatest painters have devoted their highest efforts to this task of pictorial representation; but from faults of plan their best productions have failed to add anything of value to the popular knowledge of the sacred writings. Raphael and Da Vinci were painters. They felt an artistic interest in their themes. They were in love with beauty. But they were strangers to the su-

preme sentiment of truth, whether that truth were general or local. Thus, they made the Virgin a young and beautiful woman, even at the foot of the Cross, though she was then fifty years old; an age at which a Syrian female, a mother at fifteen, usually a grand-mother at thirty, is a worn and ancient dame. They painted her of an Italian, not of a Hebrew, type. Their landscapes were Italian, their edifices Italian, their viands Italian. They surrounded the angels of the Annunciation with knights in armour and the sports of a Roman Court. They pictured the Bethlehem khan as a modern inn. They turned the Marriage of Cana into a Venetian revel. They made the Last Supper a Tuscan feast. In short, they painted their own life in a series of allegories, which are not only worthless to the student of the sacred story, but positively injurious to his eye and mind. All that artistic frippery must be rooted out of the memory before a man can begin to study with benefit, and enjoy with profit, the actual life of Our Saviour on the earth.

Of late years, we have begun to feel the need of a more serious study; and our younger race of painters have travelled into the Holy Land before presuming to paint sacred subjects. Mr. Holman Hunt set a good example of serious study; Mr. Seddon and others followed in his wake; and the consequence is, that our public, taught by example, are beginning to demand that illustrations of the Gospel narratives shall be *true*. Mr. Herbert is, probably, the last painter who will be publicly commissioned to paint sacred subjects out of his imagination. The next man who paints Sinai for us will be expected first to go and see it.

But while waiting for a new body of Sacred Art to appear,—Art that shall not sacrifice truth to beauty,—we must take what we can get.

Art, in its many capacities, has recently put out a new branch—photography; and in this new form of copying nature we may look for some real addition to our stock of knowledge respecting the Holy Land. Scenery, costume, physiognomy, at least we may now obtain of a kind to satisfy all our doubts. The most faithful sketchers in the past could not resist helping nature. We never look at David Roberts's drawings in Palestine without vexation of spirit; for the artist will give you a picture where you ask him for a fact; show you the Dead Sea when it is out of sight; stain the gray limestone with the tints of marble; mottle his blue sky with clouds. Carl Werner is still less loyal to his theme; see, for example, his

interior of the Mosque of Omar, in which there are perfectly impossible effects of light and colour. Tipping and Catherwood may be excepted from a general censure; yet even their very careful drawing is far from the stern accuracy of line with which the sun copies a building and a landscape. For some time to come, we shall put the sketchers on one side, and put our trust in Bedford, Robertson and Graham.

Mr. Murray's New Testament is a noble commencement of the new era of illustration which we desire for the Scriptures. The plan allows of both photographic and pictorial explanation, so as to illustrate events as well as scenery. Overbeck, Laborde, Mrs. Walker, Texier, and Bartlett supply the subjects, Mr. Malan and Mr. Graham the sceneries. The former series of artists work upon a rather dangerous plan; for the subjects are often fanciful in choice, and the surroundings are not always Syrian. Yet, on the whole, this peril is pretty well avoided; a vague general truth being substituted by Overbeck for that particular truth of which he had no knowledge. Of Mr. Malan and Mr. Graham we can speak with greater confidence. The latter supplies an incomparable series of photographic studies, in which the actual places—Bethlehem, the Jordan, the Sea of Galilee, Jerusalem—stand before the reader visible, bright in colour, sharp in outline, like themselves, and unlike anything else on earth. Mr. Malan's drawings are often

excellent; but we cannot trust them as we trust the sun. Compare his sketch of Nazareth against Mr. Graham's photograph of Bethany; how vague and indistinct the human sketch, how detailed and direct the sun-picture! Still, it is only in comparison with the fine truth of the photograph that we should lower the labours of Mr. Malan; his drawings have many good points, and if Mr. Graham were absent we should be quite content with Mr. Malan.

The notes to this edition of the New Testament have that commonplace and uniform goodness which requires no special comment from a lay critic. Mr. Edward Churton undertakes to edit the Gospels, Mr. W. B. Jones the Acts and Epistles. The notes are mainly historical and explanatory, not devotional. The results of modern travel, of modern discovery, of modern criticism, are brought together and made available for instruction. The editors have wisely left the scholars and controversialists to find their food elsewhere. This edition is meant to be popular rather than critical; to be a book for the fireside, the summer lawn, and the autumnal shore. Mr. Murray's editors and illustrators bethought them of the wants of those busy men who desire to know the latest thoughts of the best scholars, and to possess the last results of travel and discovery; they provided for these wants, and this edition is, therefore, *the* New Testament for the general reader.

#### A SONG OF THE STREETS.

TELL me, you whose eye this meets,  
The nastiest nuisance in the streets:—  
Is't the wintry slush and slime?  
Or the smells in summer time?  
Is't the blinding sleet and rain,  
From which no shelter you obtain?  
Is't the filth, when falletteth snow:  
Or the dust, when march winds blow?  
While, snuggling where no eye can peep,  
The scavengers serenely sleep.  
Is't the hansom dashing by,  
That flings the mud-flake in your eye?  
Is't the bustling, hustling throng,  
Through which you fight your way along?  
Is't the chaff, that greets your ear,  
When in a white hat you appear?  
The yells of "sparrergrass" or "taters"?  
The hussies with perambulators?  
The struggles into which you get  
With your umbrella, when 'tis wet?  
The crinoline that chafes your leg?  
The tops that on your toe boys peg?  
The rumbling drays, the rattling cabs;  
The hideous, painted, foreign drabs?  
The bakers, who with slackened bit

Round every corner drive full split?  
The ponderous vans that block the street,  
Or crush the wheels of all they meet?  
The filthy language that one hears,  
When costermongers fall by th' ears?  
Is't the thundering, blundering busses?  
The babies, bigger than their "nusses,"  
Who crowd the courts, and hindrance make,  
Whene'er a short cut you would take?  
The four-wheelers that creep and crawl?  
The brats who whistle, shriek, and squall,  
Or pelt you with a snowy ball?  
Is't the beggars at your heel?  
The slippery bits of orange peel?  
The greasy mud that sticks like glue?  
The butchers, who are greasy too?  
The organs, that distract your mind  
With their "demd low perpetual grind?"  
The jabbering Jews who cry "Old Clo!"  
The brutes who bawl out "Milk below!"  
The squealing cats, the yelping dogs,  
The smoky, choky, yellow fogs?  
The blatant bands, the bellowing Blacks,  
The foul museums of the quacks?  
Such are the nuisances one meets,  
Whene'er one walks the London Streets.

Punch.



From the New York Evening Post.

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S VISIT TO NEW YORK IN 1860.

WHEN he came to New York to lecture in 1860, there was some confusion in the arrangements. He had at first been invited to appear in Brooklyn, but, upon deliberation, his friends thought it best that he should be heard in New York. Reaching the Astor House on Saturday, February 25th, he was surprised to find, by announcement in the public prints, that he was to speak at the Cooper Institute. He said he must review his address if it was to be delivered in New York. What he had prepared for Mr. Beecher's church folks might not be altogether appropriate to a miscellaneous political audience. Saturday was spent in a review of the speech, and on Sunday morning he went to Plymouth Church, where apparently he greatly enjoyed the service.

On Monday morning I waited upon him with several members of the Young Men's Republican Union into whose hands the preparations for the meeting at the Cooper Institute had chiefly fallen. We found him in a suit of black, much wrinkled from its careless packing in a small valise. He received us cordially, apologizing for the awkward and uncomfortable appearance he made in his new suit, and expressing himself surprised at being in New York. His form and manner were indeed very odd, and we thought him the most unprepossessing public man we had ever met.

I spoke to him of the manuscript of his forthcoming address, and suggested to him that it should be given to the press at his earliest convenience, that it might be published in full on the morning following its delivery. He appeared in much doubt as to whether any of the papers would care to print it, and it was only when I accompanied a reporter to his room and made a request for it, that he began to think his words were to be of interest to the metropolitan public. He seemed wholly ignorant of the custom of supplying slips to the different journals from the office first putting the address in type, and was charmingly innocent of the machinery so generally used, even by some of our most popular orators, to give success and *clat* to their public efforts. The address was written upon blue foolscap, all in his own hand, and with few interlineations. I was bold enough to read portions of it, and had no doubt that its delivery would create a marked sensation throughout the country.

Mr. Lincoln referred frequently to Mr. Douglas, but always in a generous, kindly manner. It was difficult to regard them as antagonists. Many stories of the famous Illinois debates were told us, and in a very short time his frank, fluent and sparkling conversation won our hearts and made his plain face pleasant to us all.

During the day it was suggested that the orator should be taken up Broadway and shown the city, of which he knew but little, stating, I think, that he had been here but once before.

## AN INCIDENT.

At one place he met an Illinois acquaintance of former years, to whom he said in his dry, good-natured way: "Well, B., how have you fared since you left Illinois?" To which B. replied, "I have made one hundred thousand dollars and lost all; how is it with you, Mr. Lincoln?" "Oh, very well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I have the cottage at Springfield and about \$8,000 in money. If they make me Vice-President with Seward, as some say they will, I hope I shall be able to increase it to \$20,000, and that is as much as a man ought to want."

## INTRODUCTION TO MR. BANCROFT.

We visited a photographic establishment upon the corner of Broadway and Bleeker sts., where he sat for his picture, the first taken in New York. At the gallery he met and was introduced to George Bancroft, and had a brief conversation with that gentleman, who welcomed him to New York. The contrast in the appearance of the men was most striking—the one courtly and precise in his every word and gesture, with the air of a trans-Atlantic statesman; the other bluff and awkward, his every utterance an apology for his ignorance of metropolitan manners and customs. "I am on my way to Massachusetts," said he to Mr. Bancroft, "where I have a son at school, who, if report be true, already knows much more than his father."

From the gallery we returned to the Astor House, and found that the arrangements for his appearance at the Cooper Institute on the same evening (February 27th,) had been completed.

## THE COOPER INSTITUTE ADDRESS.

Who that was present upon that occasion can forget it? A curiosity to see and hear the man who had dared



"To beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglass in his hall,"

rather than the expectation of an oratorical or literary feast, had attracted a great audience. Upon the platform sat the Republican leaders of the city, and in the body of the hall there were many ladies. William Cullen Bryant, for whom Mr. Lincoln had during the day before expressed the highest admiration, took the chair, and introduced the speaker in a few graceful words: "It is a grateful office that I perform," said he, "in introducing to you an eminent citizen of the West, hitherto known to you only by reputation, who has consented to address a New-York assembly this evening."

The language of Mr. Bryant, and the editorial of the *EVENING POST* of the following day, expressing the wish that for the publication of such words of weight and wisdom as those uttered by Mr. Lincoln, the columns of that journal "were indefinitely elastic," were very pleasing to the "eminent citizen of the West."

Mr. Lincoln began his address at the Cooper Institute in a low, monotonous tone, but as he advanced, his quaint but clear voice rang out boldly and distinctly enough for all to hear. His manner was to a New-York audience a very strange one, but it was captivating. He held the vast meeting spell-bound, and as one by one his oddly expressed but trenchant and convincing arguments confirmed the accuracy and irrefragability of his political conclusions, the house broke out in wild and prolonged enthusiasm. I think I never saw an audience more thoroughly carried away by an orator. When he uttered the following sentence the cheering was tumultuous:

"I defy any one to show that any living man in the whole world ever did, prior to the beginning of the present century, (and I might almost say prior to the beginning of the last half of the present century,) declare that, in his understanding, any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the constitution, forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in the Federal territories. To those who now so declare, I give, not only 'our fathers who framed the government under which we live,' but with them all other living men within the century in which it was framed, among whom to search, and they shall not be able to find the evidence of a single man agreeing with them."

His words to the South were pertinent, and in argument irresistible. Take these as specimens:

"And how much would it avail you if you could, by the use of John Brown, Helper's book, and the like, break up the Republican organization? Human action can be modified to some extent, but human nature cannot be changed. There is a judgment and a feeling against slavery in this nation, which cast at least a million and a half of votes. You cannot destroy that judgment and feeling—that sentiment—by breaking up the political organization which rallies around it. You can scarcely scatter and disperse an army which has been formed into order in the face of your heaviest fire; but if you could, how much would you gain by forcing the sentiment which created it out of the peaceful channel of the ballot-box into some other channel? What would that other channel probably be? Would the number of John Browns be lessened or enlarged by the operation?"

Even then, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," he exhorted the Republicans to moderate and cautious action:

"It is exceedingly desirable that all parts of this great Confederacy shall be at peace, and in harmony one with another. Let us Republicans do our part to have it so. Even though much provoked, let us do nothing through passion and ill temper. Even though the Southern people will not so much as listen to us, let us calmly consider their demands, and yield to them if, in our deliberate view of our duty, we possibly can. Judging by all they say and do, and by the subject and nature of their controversy with us, let us determine, if we can, what will satisfy them."

And his grand conclusion of a speech now historic was worthy his true and fearless heart. Let this sentence be graven upon his monument in letters of gold:

"Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government or of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Of the multitude that heard Mr. Lincoln that night, no thinking man or woman went away dissatisfied. To those already in sympathy with his views he had given strength and courage; to those doubting their wisdom he had presented arguments and facts not to be set aside. To all he had demonstrated an integrity and singleness of purpose, a knowledge of our Government from its origin, and a sagacity of statesmanship worthy the profoundest respect.

## VISIT TO THE ATHENEUM CLUB.

From the Institute a few friends accompanied Mr. Lincoln to the rooms of the Athenæum Club, where we partook of a supper. All were delighted with the rude good humour of the guest, who was in excellent spirits over his success at the Institute. His jokes were many and mirth-provoking in the extreme. At a late hour we parted, impressed with the originality and excellence of his character. There was a magnanimity of bearing, an exposure of heart and an irrepressible humour altogether refreshing.

## EFFECT OF THE SPEECH.

The Cooper Institute address will live as one of the noblest productions of Mr. Lincoln's pen. It had much to do with securing for him the nomination at Chicago; indeed many are of the opinion that it was the single effort that made him the successful candidate in the convention. Its simple yet masterly style, its new and powerful logic, its mild and unanswerable disposition of the great agitating questions of the hour, its breadth and depth of spirit and tender sincerity, its lofty and eloquent patriotism, made it an appeal to the people alike opportune and forcible.

It was circulated in many editions; by far the best, being that supplied with copious and valuable notes by my friends Charles C. Nott and Cephas Brainerd, of this city. These gentlemen have often spoken to me of their surprise at the extensive reading and research which Mr. Lincoln must have made serviceable in its preparation. Some of the works consulted by him they were weeks in finding. The preface to their edition of the address bears this testimony to its remarkable character:

"No one who has not actually attempted to verify its details can understand the patient research and historical labour which it embodies. The history of our earlier politics is scattered through numerous journals, statutes, pamphlets and letters; and these are defective in completeness and accuracy of statement, and in indices and tables of contents. Neither can any one who has not travelled over this precise ground appreciate the accuracy of every trivial detail, or the self-denying impartiality with which Mr. Lincoln has turned from the testimony of 'the fathers' on the general question of slavery to present the single question which he discusses. From the first line to the last—from his premises to his conclusion, he travels with a swift, unerring directness which no logician ever excelled—an argument complete and full, without the affectation of learning and without the stiffness which usually accompanies dates and de-

tails! A single, easy, simple sentence of plain Anglo-Saxon words contains a chapter of history that in some instances has taken days of labour to verify, and which must have cost the author months of investigation to acquire. And though the public should justly estimate the labour bestowed on the facts which are stated, they cannot estimate the greater labour involved on those which are omitted—how many pages have been read—how many works examined—what numerous statutes, resolutions, speeches, letters and biographies have been looked through. Commencing with this address as a political pamphlet, the reader will leave it as an historical work—brief, complete, profound, impartial, truthful—which will survive the time and the occasion that called it forth, and be esteemed hereafter no less for its intrinsic worth than its unpretending modesty."

The labour bestowed by Messrs. Nott and Brainerd in their compilation, and the style in which the address was issued by them, through the Young Men's Republican Union, were highly gratifying to Mr. Lincoln. Speaking on the subject to a distinguished senator, he declared that no acts of his New York friends had pleased him so much.

## AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

It will be remembered that on his return from New England, where he made one or two striking addresses, he was in New York but a single day, the Sabbath. After the service had begun on the morning of that day, his tall figure was detected in a remote portion of one of the galleries of Plymouth Church, and it was with diffidence that he accepted an invitation to a more prominent position.

## THE CANDIDACY.

During his hurried visit to New York and New England, he was frequently bantered as to the forthcoming Presidential nomination of the Republicans, the fact being apparent that he was the strong man of the West, but he showed no anxiety in the matter, and constantly expressed the opinion that the party wanted the nomination of Mr. Seward.

## MR. LINCOLN AT HOME.

I did not see Mr. Lincoln again until late in January, 1861, when, at the instance of various friends in New York, who wished a position in the cabinet for a prominent Kentuckian, I went to Springfield, armed with documents for his consideration. I remained there a week or more, and was at

the Lincoln cottage daily; indeed, I must say in passing, that I felt more at home there than at the barren hotel, and was the more free in my visits from the kind consideration of Mrs. Lincoln, who joined her husband in the suggestion that hotel life was at best comfortless, and that while at Springfield I should escape it as much as possible by tarrying with them, at the same time regretting that their house was not large enough for the entertainment of all their friends.

The house at Springfield has often been described. In a letter published in the *EVENING POST* of February 1st, 1861, I referred to it in detail, and to the President's daily life and manners, which were little changed from that time to the hour of Booth's great crime. I asserted that "his purity of character and indomitable integrity of purpose added respect to admiration for his public and private career;" that upon his word you might "believe and pawn your soul;" and thus I prophesied his future success: "It is his sterling honesty, with utter fearlessness, even beyond his vast ability and political sagacity, that is to command confidence in his administration. He will refresh the polluted atmosphere of Washington with the aroma of virtue, integrity, and unbending patriotism."

Happy for the country that this was the case; that through years of temptation and distraction, amid unparalleled tumult and peril, he lived true to his pure and unselfish nature.

Of the numerous formal and informal interviews had at Springfield, I remember all with the sincerest pleasure. I never found the man upon whom the great responsibilities of a nation — upon the verge of civil commotion — had been placed, impatient or ill-humoured. The roughest and most tedious visitors were made welcome and happy in his presence; the poor commanded as much of his time as the rich. His recognition of old friends and companions in rough life, whom many, elevated as he had been, would have found it convenient to forget, was especially hearty. His correspondence was already immense, and the town was alive with Cabinet-makers and office-seekers, but he met all with a calm temper.

#### HIS PORTRAITS.

I fell into conversation with him upon the photographs of his face then before the public, and expressed a regret that I had found none that did him justice. He laughingly suggested that it might not be desirable to

have justice done to such forbidding features as his, but added that a likeness taken in Springfield a few days before was in his judgment, and that of his friends, the best ever had. Of that I procured four copies. From one of them the head of Mr. Lincoln on the ten-dollar treasury note was engraved, and that may, I think, be called the official likeness of our murdered chief-tain. I was at Washington at the first inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and saw much of him. It was difficult, even in view of the Baltimore plot, to make him think that any one sought to injure him, or that his life was in danger.

#### A CORRECTION.

The mention of that plot, by-the-by, suggests a correction of the common impression that Mr. Lincoln passed through Baltimore in disguise. The story of the Scotch cap and other changes in dress, over which his opponents were wont to make merry, was one of the ingenious inventions of a newspaper correspondent, since famous or infamous in connection with a more inexcusable fabrication.

#### AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

From the hour of his inauguration Mr. Lincoln devoted himself to the business of his great office with remarkable assiduity. While no other President had such varied and oppressive cares, none was ever so indifferent to relaxation. His friends were ever apprehensive of the breaking of his health, and his face at times became exceedingly haggard and worn; yet he never lost an opportunity to laugh or crack a joke.

My relations to his private secretaries during my residence in Washington (ending in the summer of 1863) were such that I was often at the White House late at night. On more than one occasion, while chatting with them, supposing the President to have retired, he came to the room and entered into lively and familiar conversation. Once, soon after I had made a canvass for Congress (1862) in this state, he congratulated me upon my vote, and took much pains to show what a variety of influences combined to insure the defeat of any one friendly to his administration.

When I told him, with a frankness which I knew he would like, that the more I advocated and defended his course the farther the people went from me, he laughed heartily, and commiserated me upon my identity with such an unpopular leader.

## THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

On the same occasion he talked at length of the battles of Antietam and South Mountain, and of the difficulty in accounting for the number of men upon the army rolls, yet not in action. He said he had a list of the men in the several corps, provided him by General McClellan, and that he also had a list of those who took part in the battle, and that there was a wonderful discrepancy, for which he could not account, except upon the ground that the men were let off by the company officers. He concluded by pronouncing it a most difficult matter to retain men, to put your finger upon them when needed. "They are like fleas," said he, "the more you shovel them up in the corner the more they get away from you."

## THE ARIZONA APPOINTMENTS.

When John A. Gurley was made Governor of Arizona he went often to the White House to talk over that country and its necessities. After receiving the appointment of Secretary of the Territory, I accompanied him. The President took a lively interest in the labor before us, and contributed in every way to our assistance, telling Mr. Gurley jovially that while he could not be expected to send an army to Arizona, he would see that his scalp was properly protected. He went so far as to endorse the orders to military authorities, and others upon our route, and in emphatic words requested them to be particular in their attentions. He was much interested in the reports from the mines, and said to one of our number: "Tell the miners I hope to visit them and dig some gold and silver after the war."

Upon the sudden death of Mr. Gurley, which he much deplored, I went with one of the judges of Arizona to ask the appointment of Mr. Goodwin, then chief justice of the territory, to the vacancy. We were at the White House by 8 A. M., while William, the colored servant who had attended Mr. Lincoln from Springfield, was in the act of shaving him. He looked up and said: "Is it the best judgment of you all (referring to the territorial officers) that Mr. Goodwin should be appointed?" Being told that it was, and that prompt action in the matter was important, that the starting of our party, already delayed, might not be seriously retarded, he said: "Well, see the members of the Cabinet, and we will try to fix it at the meeting at noon to-day." It was so fixed, and at two o'clock we had the new Governor's commission from the State Department.

When suggesting that the appointment of Mr. Goodwin would leave the chief justiceship of the territory vacant, the President quickly said that he had a man for that place, and begged that we would not name any one. "It is Grimes's man," said he, "and I must do something for Grimes. I have tried hard to please him from the start, but he complains, and I must satisfy him if possible." And so Grimes's man, Mr. Turner, of Iowa, was made chief justice.

This prompt action suggests the remark, that while the late President was counted slow in his conclusions, he could and would, if in his judgment it was necessary, decide upon the instant, and that his delay was generally in awaiting the facts connected with the case under consideration, rather than in coming to a decision.

## THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

He has by many been thought a slow and doubting writer. I think this an error. I have it from a gentleman who rode with him to Gettysburg, that upon nearing that place he asked what he should say at the ceremony on the morrow, stating that he had made no preparation whatever, and that the occasion was a novel and difficult one. The touching address which will forever tenderly connect his name with Gettysburg and its honored heroes must have been written in the small hours of the morning of the day upon which it was delivered. It is in few words, but what could have been more appropriate?

It is not too much to believe that the writings of Mr. Lincoln will, like those of Washington, contribute to his fame to a degree which those about him had not expected. They bear a marked resemblance in their sound and comprehensive sense, their direct and severe logic, and in all but their peculiar quaintness of expression, to the productions of "the father of his country."

## HIS ADMIRATION OF BURNS.

Mr. Lincoln was an enthusiastic admirer of Robert Burns, always having a copy of his poems by him, and reading them with delight. There was something in the humble origin of Burns and in his checkered life, no less than in his tender, homely songs, that appealed to the great heart of the plain man, who, transferred from the prairies of Illinois to the Executive mansion at Washington, at a time of immense responsibility, gave a fresh and memorable illustration of the truth that



"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

R. C. McCORMICK.

NEW YORK CITY, April 29, 1865.

From the Spectator, 15th April.

#### CANADIAN CLOUDS.

THERE must be something underneath all this Canadian business not yet fully understood in this country. The programme is breaking down in every direction. The original idea was that the British Colonies of America, conscious of national aspirations, but amazed, if not disgusted, by the changes in the neighbouring republic, would endeavour to found a new nationality of their own. That nationality, at first protected by great Britain and afterwards strictly allied with her, would be to North America much such a country as Russia is to Europe, cold perhaps, and comparatively poor, but with a hardy population, a separate, and on the whole a great national life. There will probably be in a few years some eight millions of Canadians; and eight millions of men sprung from English parents, and speaking, most of them, the English language, would it was thought constitute a nation unlikely to be beguiled into union with any other State, and exceedingly dangerous to attack. Such a nation even at first could maintain a moderate army or man a reserve fleet, and come to some definite agreement with the mother country upon the subject of external defence. The plan seemed to march excellently well. The delegates of the different provinces met in meetings, secret and therefore confidential, accepted the plan in principle, agreed to certain details, effected compromises upon certain others, and in the end unanimously signed a constitution which, though imperfect upon one point, was received in England with a sort of rapture of applause. The entire press spoke well of it. Every member of Parliament who has opened his lips has praised it. The Queen was advised to accept it, if not with cordiality, at least with heartiness. Mr. Cardwell poured out his soul in a despatch full of the softest praise. It was understood that an Act converting the sketch of a constitution into law would be passed this session, and all Englishmen congratulated the "Acadians" on their choice between their only two alternatives—a separate national existence, and absorption into the somewhat heavily taxed and ambitious

Union. The Ministry assured the world that the Canadians being desirous of remaining within the Empire, Her Majesty's Government intended to fight for them, and even proposed a grant of money, not indeed sufficient to fortify Canada, but ample to find comfortable quarters for that British sentry whose legal existence in Canada or anywhere else pledges the whole power of the Empire to defend him. After three separate debates, in which the most extreme views on all sides were openly discussed, the House of Commons endorsed by a vote of seven to one the Ministerial promise, and journalists of all parties affirmed with the full assent of the nation that Great Britain, rather than abandon Canada, if she wished not to be abandoned, would risk a serious war.

The prospect has been very speedily overcast, or, as some of our Radical friends would say, has very rapidly brightened. The Confederation scheme, which was an integral part of the plan, the colonies not being a nation unless united by some Federal bond, though approved by England, framed by local delegates, and accepted by almost every governing man in the colonies, proved not to be to the popular taste. The Government of New Brunswick appealed to the people, and the people, whose delegates had accepted the Constitution, elected out of forty-one members thirty pledged to reject it. The Nova Scotians then drew back and proposed a separate union of the maritime provinces; the population of Prince Edward's Island are known to be only restrained by their leaders from following the same course, and the Montreal papers now give the following as the true state of affairs:—Two colonies out of five have resolved to reject the scheme, a third will only yield on social compulsion, in Lower Canada the masses are opposed, and in Upper Canada the feeling in favour of it is rapidly dying away. We should have thought these statements were party exaggerations, dictated by dislike of Mr. Brown, the Anglo-Saxon advocate of the scheme, but that it is evident the vote of Parliament for the fortification of Quebec, with its attendant demand for Canadian outlay on defences, has been received with profound irritation. Mr. Macdonald, member of the Cabinet, from his place in Parliament, affected to consider the telegram a blunder, a cypher having been omitted from the vote. Mr. Galt stated positively that the quarter of a million voted by Canada for armaments would only be raised on the strength of



the British guarantee, — a phrase which in the existing circumstances of Canada is a mere euphuism for a loan without interest, and the bulk of the people are represented as dangerously excited. The conference which was to have been held with the British Government has been broken off, three of the four Ministers chosen having declined to attend, and the fourth, Mr. Cartier, agreeing only in order that he may plead the claims of the French Canadians. The telegraph reports that the "annexionist" feeling, the desire, that is, for annexation to the United States as the easiest solution of many questions, has broken out again and — in short the programme has apparently gone to pieces.

What does it all mean? Is it possible the assertion of those who distrust the colonies is true, and that the colonists are perfectly willing to belong to Great Britain as long as Great Britain will protect them, but not willing if they are to be asked to help in protecting themselves? In that case the sooner they come to a distinct understanding as to the worth of the alliance the better for them and for the world, for without it they will most indubitably find themselves some day left in the lurch. Great Britain is perfectly willing to fight for the Canadians as if they were residents of Cornwall, but then they must exert themselves as the people of Cornwall would, pay taxes as high, submit if the matter comes to a struggle of life and death to a conscription, or, as we call it, a "ballot militia law" as severe as would be enforced in any English county. If they are not prepared for this they had better go at once, for exactly in proportion as their zeal slackens so will that of this country. Or is it that the colonies are simply trying to play the old game, and endeavoring to extort better terms from this country by threats of secession if their terms are refused? If they are, they are guilty of a political anachronism fatal to the reputation of their leaders for practical statesmanship. It is the deliberate opinion of the best political thinkers and the most influential Cabinet Ministers in this country that the time has arrived when the dependence of the Anglo Saxon colonies must either cease, or merge in an alliance to be arranged by clear and carefully-observed diplomatic agreement. Upon the whole, and with one or two reserves, they prefer the latter course, so much prefer it that they are willing to undergo the risk of war and the certainty of very considerable expenses for defence, rather than adopt the safe but, as they consider, dishonourable expedient of cutting

the colonies loose. But the preference is dependent entirely upon the readiness of the colonies to do all in their power to maintain the connection, and any threat of departure will be received with a serene "God speed you," not, it may be, wholly unmixed with pleasure.

If the Canadians, or New Brunswickers, or Nova Scotians deliberately prefer, and show that they prefer, the high taxation and free national life of the United States to the lower taxation and subordinate national life of a State allied with Great Britain there is nothing more to be said. We shall not fight them for expressing that preference, and most assuredly we shall not attempt to bribe them. They have only to express their will by a Parliamentary vote, taken of course after an appeal to the people *ad hoc*, and this journal for example, which almost alone among Liberal journals has pleaded for the value of their alliance, will acknowledge at once their right to independence, and the Parliamentary majority will be swifter still. We have earned the right to be heard by these American colonists, and we tell them distinctly that any pretension to dictate terms to the mother country is in the present state of opinion simply preposterous, — that they have before them two alternatives, to form themselves into a nation in strict alliance with Great Britain, but with separate armaments, taxation, and expenditure, or to go free whither their energy or their destiny may lead them. They are free to choose either course, as free as the British Parliament, and for this once the mother country will abide by their choice, but there are no more alternatives than these. They may construe Mr. Cardwell's despatches as they like, or draw what conclusions they please from debates in Parliament, but that, so far as we have any capacity to understand it, is the determination of the nation. Months ago one of the most intelligent of Canadians replied to some searching questions on the subject much in this fashion, — "We prefer Great Britain to the United States; if you will fight for us we are willing to fight, but it is not worth our while to fight as the South has done; we should not be extinguished by annexation, and the stake is not great enough." If that express the heart of the colonists, and all this news looks like it, there is an end of the matter. They are free already.

We do not profess to know the inner mind of the Canadians either on the Confederation or the alliance with Great Britain, but this much seems to us certain, — it

is absolutely necessary for this country to know that inner mind. The very first thing to be done before we can move another step is to ascertain precisely what the bulk of the colonists desire—if they themselves know—to assure them that they are at full liberty to vote themselves independent without incurring charges of treason, and, if they reject that offer, to submit to them in some intelligible form the conditions of our alliance. If they accept them, well; if they modify them in any enduring way, well also; but if they reject them the rejection must be accepted as proof that they value their connection with Britain only for the pecuniary relief it affords, and the connection must end. Such a severance would be regarded by the majority of educated Englishmen with a feeling of bitter pain. It hurts their pride, breaks up their dream of an Empire ringed round with a fence of Anglo-Saxon alliances, impairs their confidence in the policy which of late years has induced them to do justice to the colonies often to their own hurt. But it is impossible in the present state of the world that all the advantages of alliance should be on one side, and the colonists, as they have demanded the advantages of independence, must also accept its burdens. England is willing, as the vote in the House of Commons showed, to be faithful to them, but the contract is one of marriage, and the weaker side cannot break it and demand maintenance too.

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From the Spectator.

#### NAPOLEONIC DIFFICULTIES IN MEXICO.

"FRANCE," said M. Rouher, the other day, "will go all lengths to uphold the throne of the Emperor Maximilian," and if one-half that we hear is true the lengths required are likely to be very considerable indeed. The difficulties in the way of the French Government in Mexico seem to thicken instead of dispersing. When Napoleon's agents first entered the country they had the support of at least two classes among the population—the wealthy, who hoped for an unaccustomed security; and the priests, who saw in the pupil of the Jesuits a second Ferdinand, an imperial missionary ready to risk his throne and sacrifice Mexico to the maintenance of the secular claims of the church. The native army once defeated these classes soothed the population of the cities, welcomed a Catholic and civilized Emperor with enthusiasm, and brought over to his side

masses of the Indians and many of the indifferent. Juarez was driven into the remote provinces, the "Liberal" army was broken up into bands of brigands, the capital was reduced to order, and it seemed for a moment as if an immense enterprise had been conducted safely to its end. Maximilian, however, once seated was compelled to act, and the moment action commenced the class differences which are the curse of Mexico began to re-appear. Maximilian has already lost the active support of one class which accepted him cordially and incurred the bitter hostility of the other which invited him in. The rich—outside the range of the French troops—find themselves threatened by brigands as much as ever, and though, as M. Rouher triumphantly says, brigands are not dangerous to soldiers, to the possessors of property they are very dangerous indeed. The rich therefore are disposed to sink back into their apprehensive quiescence, and await the fulfilment of promises before they commit themselves to a cause which may yet be a losing one. The clergy, on the other hand, are becoming active against the Emperor. His original promises disappointed them, for they had hoped to avoid toleration, and when he proceeded to confirm the sale of ecclesiastical property and threaten the Church with a law of mortmain their rage and disappointment knew no bounds of loyalty. They procured from the Pope a letter imploring the Emperor to desist from his evil courses, a letter which, like a Recordite prayer, is in intent a condemnation, and elicited a reply which showed Maximilian's consciousness that he had broken with the clerical party. This loss is a considerable one, for although the new measures conciliate Liberal ideas, they do not conciliate Liberal men, or overcome their distaste to what they consider subjugation. They either resist or hold aloof, and Napoleon therefore, in the second year of his enterprise, finds himself compelled to support an Emperor who has as yet secured no working party within his empire—to exert his resources as if for a prefect, without receiving the obedience a new prefecture would render. He has also still to reckon with the American danger. There can be little doubt that Napoleon, shrewd as he undoubtedly is, made on this subject the same mistake as the upper classes of Great Britain—he fancied the Union had been finally broken up. It is probable that the American Government, in its eagerness to conciliate, promised rather more than it could perform, and when Maximilian entered Mexico it was with an understanding that if the people

accepted him, and the French troops were withdrawn. that Government would throw no difficulties in his path. Mr. Seward in fact promised, conditionally on the assent of the Senate, to recognize the new throne, and even submitted the name of the envoy he intended to send to the capital. The Senate, however, while accepting the name of the ambassador struck out that of the monarch, inserting in its stead that of Juarez, "President of the Mexican Republic," while resolutions were passed by the House of Representatives indirectly condemning Mr. Seward's precipitation. The empire therefore is not yet acknowledged, the United States is still in alliance with the Republic, and France must look forward at no distant period to a renewal of war. We do not mean that the Empire will be at once attacked by the United States. That may be as improbable as Mr. Rouher contends, or as certain as M. Jules Favre affects to believe, but the danger exists in either case. If Mr. Lincoln declares war on Maximilian, Napoleon must either retreat without honour, or engage in a struggle from which he never can hope to reap advantage. If, which is much more probable, the American Government, weary with strife, does not declare war, it is none the less certain that Juarez will be suddenly and largely reinforced. Thousands of soldiers, Northern and Southern, released by peace and impatient of quiet, will see in Mexico scope for their energies, and, unless Catholics, feeling as well as interest will induce them to join Juarez. There is little but pay to be gained under an Emperor, but under Juarez every soldier may hope one day to be President. His army once reinforced must be subdued, even if the first descent is not made on the district of Senora, said to have been made over to Frenchmen, and the work can only be accomplished by the French army. Any other would probably be beaten, and one serious defeat would at once let loose the elements of disorder. France therefore has for its second difficulty a moral certainty of being compelled to put down an insurrection seven thousand miles off against a monarch who is not a Frenchman, and for the sake of interests which though Napoleonic are not strictly French.

These difficulties are serious enough, but there is another behind. The nexus between the French and the Mexicans, the conductor as it were between the battery and the recipient of the message, is the Emperor Maximilian, and it is not quite certain that he may not weary of serving as wire. In the very remarkable series of

papers on Mexico which have appeared in *The Saturday Review*, and which are evidently written by one who has just visited the country, it is distinctly affirmed that the Emperor has already resisted French dictation by threatening to depart. Napoleon has no means of coercing a man who never was his subject, and who has 8,000 Austrian soldiers at his disposal, and though a throne seems a grand prize to the ambition of ordinary men, to an Austrian Archduke a throne without a revenue, or a civil list, or a strong army is not an irresistible bait. In any case to make it irresistible he must have money, and despite M. Rouher's assurance that a new loan has been contracted for, it is extremely doubtful whether the contractors who recently came forward will not demand guarantees in Europe which Napoleon would be very loth to grant. The Mexican Emperor it is known sometimes loses heart, and he has, as we are assured by persons who must be cognizant of the facts, recently taken a step suggestive of anything rather than confidence in the permanence of his position. He has in a formal protest addressed to all the great Powers repudiated the *pacte de famille* under which he gave up his reversionary rights upon the succession to the Austrian throne. This document, it is reported, has been presented both in London and Vienna, and though its existence is officially denied in the latter capital it has there given bitter annoyance. The agreement is, Maximilian contends, invalid, and for aught we know he may be in the right, but what does a man who intends to reign in America want with a problematical claim to a succession in Europe? He is a childless man, and between him and the Austrian throne stands still a Sovereign almost as young as himself, married, and with two children, one of them a boy, who though said to be sickly may, and probably will survive his uncle. The Mexican Emperor is not deprived by the *pacte* of any property, or of his rank as Archduke, about which he might naturally be jealous, being simply placed last in the order of collaterals, a matter, if he intends to remain in Mexico, of infinitesimal importance. Moreover, no man knows better than the Mexican Emperor that a great party in Austria would in any case consider his renunciation invalid, and that a popular vote would at any time supplement any such technical difficulties of title. The act, if correctly reported, looks as if the new Emperor were contemplating retreat, and we shall be greatly surprised if it is not accepted by his subjects and his allies in that sense, if it does not give

strength to every malcontent, and excite the fears of every Mexican willing to have become an adherent.

Napoleon therefore is in the position of a man who has to support against formidable assailants an ally who can lend him little aid, and may at any moment deprive him even of that little by a precipitate flight. Supposing the best, he is bound to maintain at a great distance a French army — now, it is asserted in the *Corps Législatif*, raised once more to 45,000 men — in order to keep up a throne which is not French, which is occupied by a man who refuses to be a French satrap, and which is menaced at once by the Catholic world and by one of the great est of military powers. But let us for a moment suppose the worst. Imagine the little Emperor to have resigned, and, escorted by his Austrian guard, to have quitted Vera Cruz in any German or British ship, what will be the position of the great Emperor then? Obviously but one of two courses will be open to him. Either he must acknowledge a defeat, or he must accept the situation he himself has created, and declare Mexico a dependency of France. In the first case he, a Bonaparte whose throne is born of victory and supported by success, will have to acknowledge publicly a humiliating overthrow, to allow that he had miscalculated forces, to admit that French blood and treasure had been wasted on a dream for the immediate benefit of an Austrian, to concede to the Opposition that it was possible for him to fail. Caesars are not allowed to fail, at least not when failure implies the trailing of the tricolor flag and

the intellectual triumph of Labienus. If, on the other hand, he accepts the second and bolder alternative, — and the Emperor is still a crowned Jacobin — then indeed the Monroe doctrine in its true political meaning will at last be violated, a North American State will have been reduced to a colony by European arms. The contest which now may be averted would then be inevitable, and France would have to defend a dependency with which she has no historical associations, and in which she has no interests other than those of the rest of Europe against the whole power of the re-united States. She may win the game even then, for Mexico is a difficult country to invade, and the power of France once excited is both great and real, but she would have to engage in a terrible struggle for an object she does not wish secure, and in defence of a policy which is purely Napoleonic. These reflections press on the minds of all thinking Frenchmen, and, as report has it, harass the Emperor himself, who, it seems certain, authorized his Minister to declare that France could not at any cost allow her work to be overturned. As yet his Chamber supports him. The amendment of M. Picard demanding the recall of the troops was negatived by 225 votes to 16, but the Emperor may yet find that in declaring "the invasion of Mexico the greatest event of his reign" he uttered just such a sentence as an ancient oracle would have sent back to a questioning King. The event which produces death must be in one sense at least the greatest event in life.

#### THRENODY.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." — MALACHI iii. 17.

"Jewels . . .  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkle forever." — TENNYSON.

A GEM there was, most exquisitely wrought,  
But not by mortal hand;  
An intellectual Gem, with beauty fraught,  
Brilliant with beams of richly colored thought:  
It gleamed o'er sea and land.

Each ray was tinted deep with classic lore,  
And many a modern tongue:

There wondrous Memory kept her hidden store;  
There Eloquence revived those days of yore  
When lips Hyblæan sung.

When dark Rebellion sought to rule alone,  
Armed with Satanic might,  
And fain would blast the happiest land e'er  
known;

Then, like the vestal fire in Rome, it shone  
A loyal, burning light.

Gone has this Gem, like star in yonder sky  
Which in full glory set.  
A nation mourns; but Faith, with upraised eye,  
Among the jewels round the throne on high  
Beholds our EVERETT.

— Boston Post.

S.